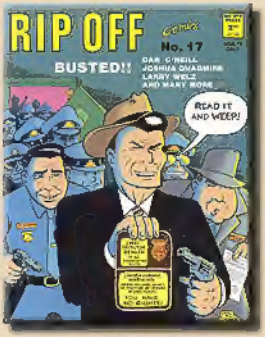



# Sir Real's

## UNDERGROUND COMIX CLASSIX

## Rip Off Comix #17

**Published December 1987**
**1st edition**
**Rip Off Press**
**$2.95**
**52 pages**
**Printrun of ? copies**
**8 1/4" x 10 3/4"**
**ISBN:**

### Stories:

2 - Editorial
3 - Contents
4 - Double Enmity
7 - Her Bloody Majesty's Pleasure
11 - Amazons, Episode Four
16 - Badass Bust Stories
18 - The Long Arm Of The Law
25 - The Woods
27 - Stickboy
31 - How Cops "Pick Up" Girls
34 - My Covenant With The Hawk
38 - The Night J.R. Spent In Jail
40 - Mean Cuisine
43 - The Summer of '87
49 - Roust, or You Play, You Pay
51 - Rip Off Comix Back Issues (Ad)
52 - The Idiots Abroad (Ad)

### Artists:

R.L. Crabb (Editor) - 1+, 2(t), 18-24
Dan O'Neill - 1+, 7-10
Guy Colwell - 1(c)
Joshua Quagmire - 4-6
Frank Stack (="Foolbert Sturgeon) - 11-15
"The Pizz" - 16-17
Steve Lafler - 25-26
D. Worden - 27-30
Dori Seda - 31-33
Larry Marder - 34-37(s)
Donald Simpson - 34-37(s)
J.R. Williams - 38-39
Krystine Kryttre - 40-42
Larry Welz - 43-48
Mary Fleener - 49-50
Gilbert Shelton - 52+
Paul Mavrides - 52+

# RIP OFF comix

No. 17

RIP OFF PRESS
2.95
4.50 CAN.

ADULTS ONLY

## BUSTED!!

DAN O'NEILL
JOSHUA QUAGMIRE
LARRY WELZ
AND MANY MORE

## EDITORIAL

**BY R.L. CRABB**

When Fred and Kathe approached me about editing this issue of ***Rip Off Comix***, I immediately decided to dedicate the bulk of the book to true arrest stories. People from all walks of life eventually come into contact with the boys in black and blue, including cartoonists. My biggest problem was trying to figure out which of my own numerous infractions to illustrate.

Now it may seem weird to some of you that I am a proud survivor of an experience that could have turned a bright future into a living hell on earth, but you have to understand that being arrested is part of our American Heritage. After all, our forefathers came over here because they were considered prison material in their own countries. Even after they arrived, a good number of them were forced to head out west into the wilderness to avoid further harassment by John Law.

Of course, things haven't changed much. Today, it's more confusing than ever. You have people like Fawn Hall, whose contempt for the law earned her a press agent rather than a parole officer. On the the other hand, Supreme Court nominees and presidential candidates are being drawn and quartered for admitting they took a few hits from a joint at some time n the dim past.

So here we come, a band of lowly cartoonists trying to make a few bucks by writing out these tawdry tales. And why not? . . . Hell, Hollywood isn't on the line with mini-series offers! . . . *The Washington Post* isn't interested in exposing these injustices! It is only through the foresight of ***Rip Off Comix*** that the truth can be told at last! Rather than try to describe the various warped personalities who contributed to this issue, I will let their work speak for them. Some of the stories are humorous, and some are sad. A few may disgust or infuriate you. They all prove that Big Brother can stick his rubber-gloved hand up your privates when you least expect it. Remember, today could be the first day of the rest of your life sentence!

**Coming Next Issue:** Frappington Wildebeest 7h checks in with another great collection of comix from Europe. Plus the conclusion of Foolbert Sturgeon's **Amazons**, continued adventures of Worden's **Stickboy**, and an assortment of outrageous funnies from the cream of America's comix crew . . . all in ***Rip Off Comix #18***, coming in March!

**RIP OFF COMIX #17** is Copyright © 1987, 1988 by Rip Off Press, Inc. and by the respective artists. Edited by R.L. Crabb. Front cover illustration by R.L. Crabb and Dan O'Neill. Color rendering and production work by Guy Colwell. Published by Rip Off Press, Inc., Fred Todd President. For a one year subscription to our **Mail Order Catalog** (four issues, inside USA only) send $1 to: **P.O. Box 4686, Auburn CA 95604.**

# RIP OFF COMIX Nº 17

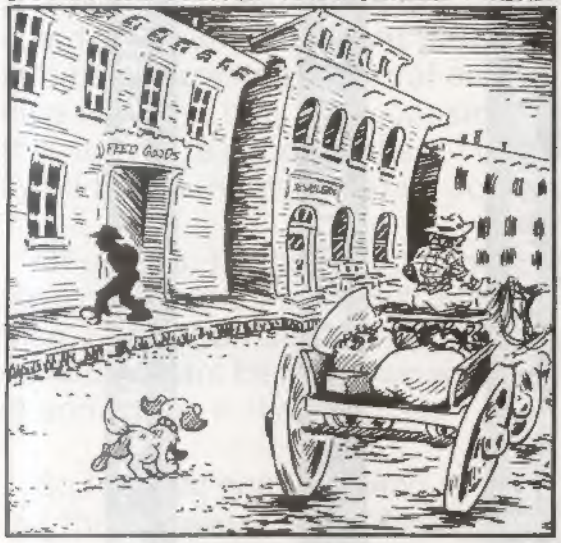
DECEMBER

PUBLISHED FOUR TIMES YEARLY BY RIP OFF PRESS, INC.

2. JOSHUA QUAGMIRE ..... DOUBLE ENMITY..... 5. DAN O'NEILL ... HER BLOODY MAJESTY'S PLEASURE .... 9. FOOLBERT STURGEON .... AMAZONS 14. THE PIZZ ... BADASS BUST STORIES ..... 16. R.L. CRABB ..... THE LONG ARM OF THE LAW .... 23. STEVE LAFLER .... THE WOODS ... 25. D. WORDEN ... STICKBOY 29. DORI SEDA HOW COPS PICK UP GIRLS ... 32. D. SIMPSON & L. MARDER ..... MY COVENANT WITH THE HAWK.. 36. J.R. WILLIAMS ..... THE NIGHT J.R. SPENT IN JAIL 38. KRYSTINE KRYTTRE... MEAN CUISINE .. 41. LARRY WELZ .. THE SUMMER OF '87 46. MARY FLEENER .... ROUST

JOSHUA QUAGMIRE HERE... YOU KNOW, THE GUY WHAT DRAWS THAT CUTEY BUNNY COMIC... WHEN BOB TOLD ME HE WAS LOOKIN' FOR STORIES ABOUT GETTIN' BUSTED, I MENTIONED THAT I HAD TWO RELATIONS THAT WERE HUNG... ONE OF THEM **TWICE**... AND HE SAID, "WRITE THAT DOWN!" SO HERE GOES...

IT ALL STARTS BACK IN FAYETTEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA, AROUND THE BEGINNING OF THE CIVIL WAR... MY GREAT GREAT GRANDUNCLE GODFREY WAS A JEWELER THERE.




NOW BEING A JEWELER, HE HAD SMALL STOCKS OF UNWORKED GOLD AND SILVER FOR THE MAKING OF RINGS AND WHAT NOT... WELL, THE LOCAL MILITIA GOT THE IDEA THAT HE SHOULD CONTRIBUTE A LI'L SOMETHING TO THE WAR EFFORT... LIKE IN THIS INSTANCE, HIS ENTIRE STOCKS OF PRECIOUS METALS...

THE STORY'S A BIT UNCLEAR AT THIS POINT... WHETHER GREAT GREAT GRANDUNCLE WAS A STAUNCH ABOLITIONIST,... OR IF HE JUST TOOK UNKINDLY TO SEEING HIS BUSINESS WIPED OUT...

AT ANY RATE, THAT NIGHT HE AND KATE TOOK EVERYTHING OUT IN THE WOODS AND BURIED IT... KATE... DID I FORGET TO MENTION KATE.? WELL SHE OF COURSE WAS THE OLDER SISTER OF MY GREAT GREAT GRANDPOP... SHE'D MARRIED GODFREY SOME YEARS BEFORE... REMEMBER KATE, SHE'LL BE IMPORTANT LATER ON...

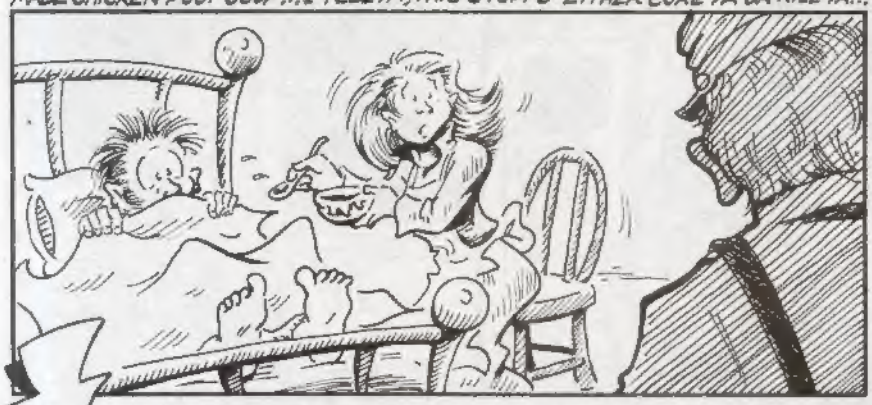
NOW YOU MIGHT THINK THAT'D BE THE END OF IT... HOWEVER, WHEN THE SOLDIERS FOUND THE SHOP CLOSED THE NEXT MORNING... WELL I THINK YOU COULD SAFELY SAY, THEY WERE A MITE PEEVED ..!

SO THEY WENT AROUND TO GREAT GREAT GRANDUNCLE GODFREY'S HOUSE AND HAD A MEANINGFULL DISCUSSION AS TO THE WHERE 'BOUTS OF THE GOLD ...

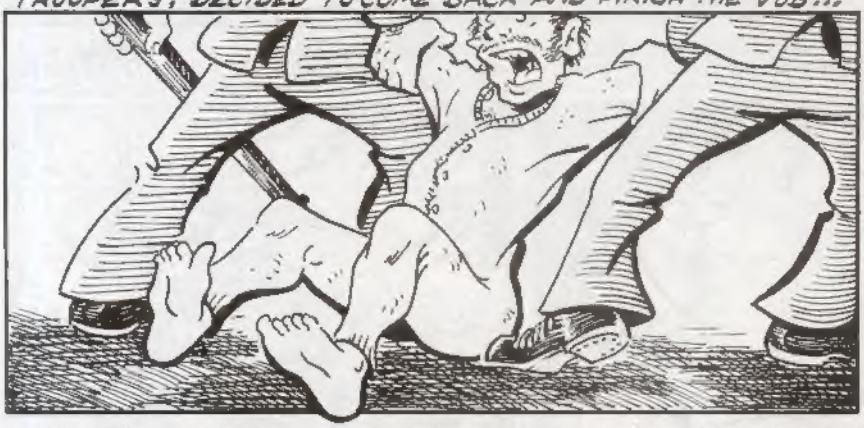
IT'S MORE THAN LIKELY SAFE TO ASSUME THEY WERE LESS THAN SATISFIED WITH HIS ANSWERS, 'CAUSE THEY TOOK HIM OUT AN LYNCHED HIM!

FORTUNATELY FOR UNCLE GODFREY, THE SOLDIERS WERE A BIT NEW AT THE JOB, THEY DIDN'T STICK AROUND TO WATCH HIM CROAK... THIS GAVE KATE THE OPPORTUNITY TO CUT HIM DOWN... REMEMBER KATE.? REMEMBER HOW I TOLD YOU SHE'D BE IMPORTANT LATER ON..?? WELL IF IT WASN'T FOR HER, THIS'D ONLY BE A TWO PAGE STORY... AN LET'S FACE IT ... AT THESE PAGE RATES, I NEED ALL THE WORK I CAN GET...

THE NEXT MORNING, THERE'S GODFREY IN BED WITH A SLIGHTLY LONGER NECK, AND THERE'S KATE, NURSING HIM BACK TO HEALTH WITH SOME OF HER HOME-MADE CHICKEN FOOT SOUP... I TELL YA, THIS STUFF'D EITHER CURE YA OR KILL YA..!

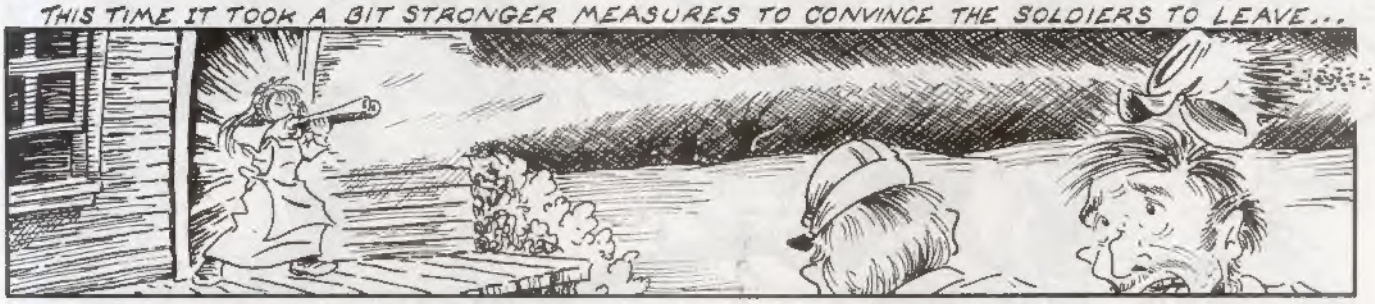


AND THEN OF COURSE, THERE'S THE SOLDIERS WHO'D JUST GOT WORD THAT GREAT GREAT GRANDUNCLE GODFREY WASN'T QUITE DEAD YET... AND THEY BEING GOOD CONSCIENTIOUS TROOPERS, DECIDED TO COME BACK AND FINISH THE JOB...



AND SO... BEFORE YOU CAN SAY, "SOUTHERN FRYED HOSPITALITY", HE WAS BACK OUT DANCIN' IN THE BREEZE...

THIS TIME IT TOOK A BIT STRONGER MEASURES TO CONVINCE THE SOLDIERS TO LEAVE...

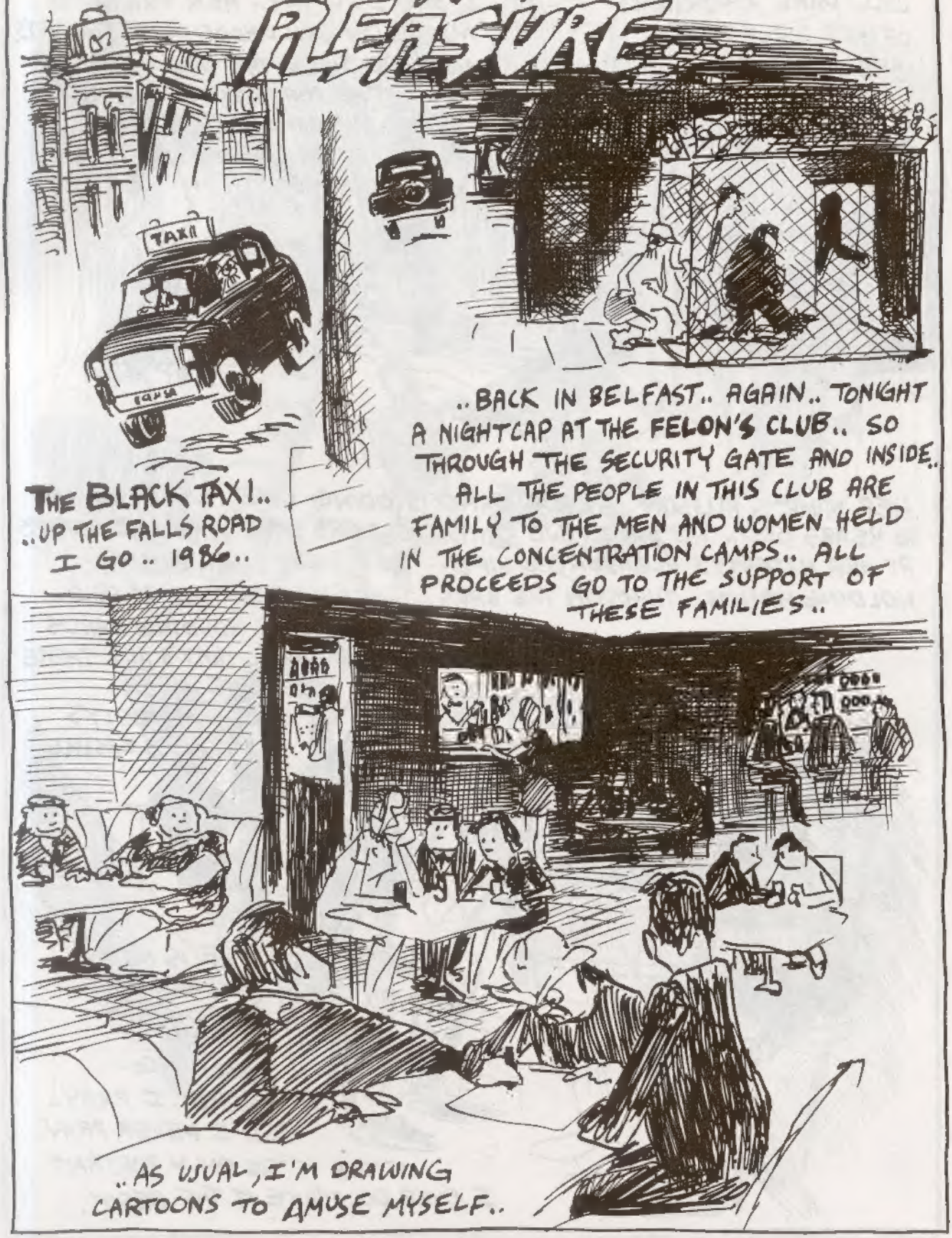


THEY TOOK OFF IN THE GENERAL DIRECTION OF ATLANTA, WHILE GODFREY AND KATE LIT OUT IN THE OTHER... AND DIDN'T STOP TILL THEY HIT ILLINOIS...

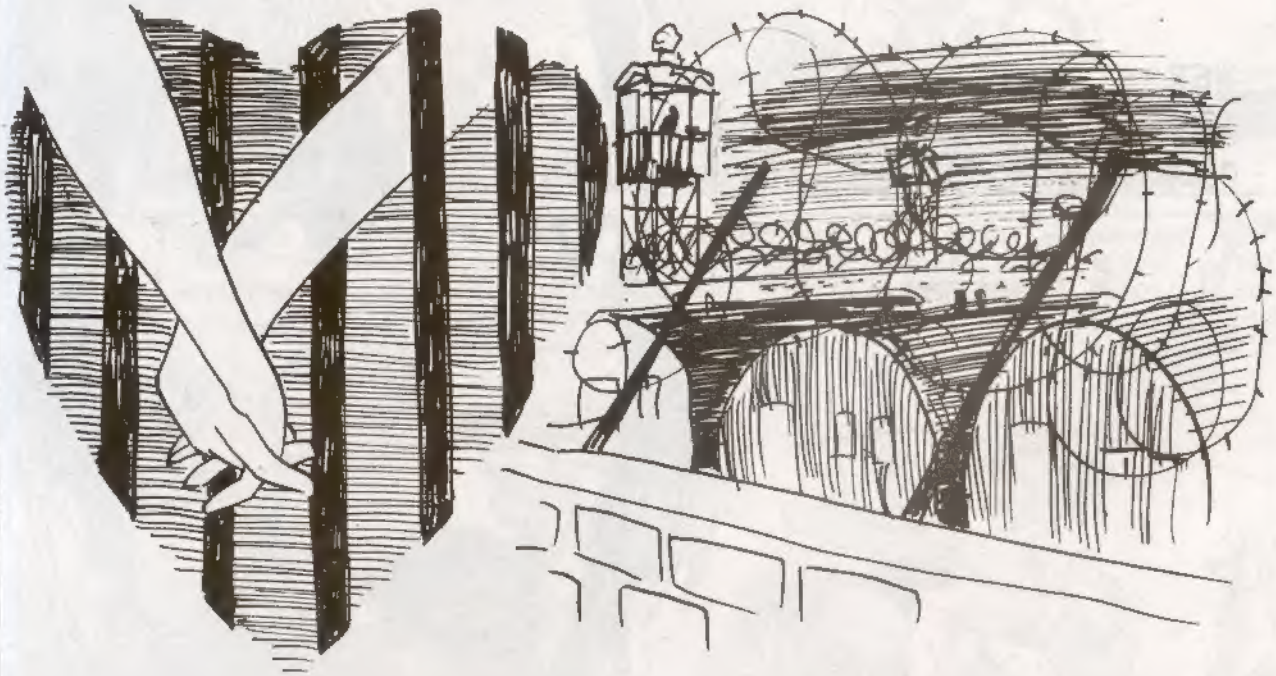
SO THAT'S THE OLD FAMILY LEGEND... NO ONE KNOWS IF THEY STOPPED TO DIG UP THE GOLD... OR PERHAPS THEY CAME BACK AFTER THE WAR... OR...

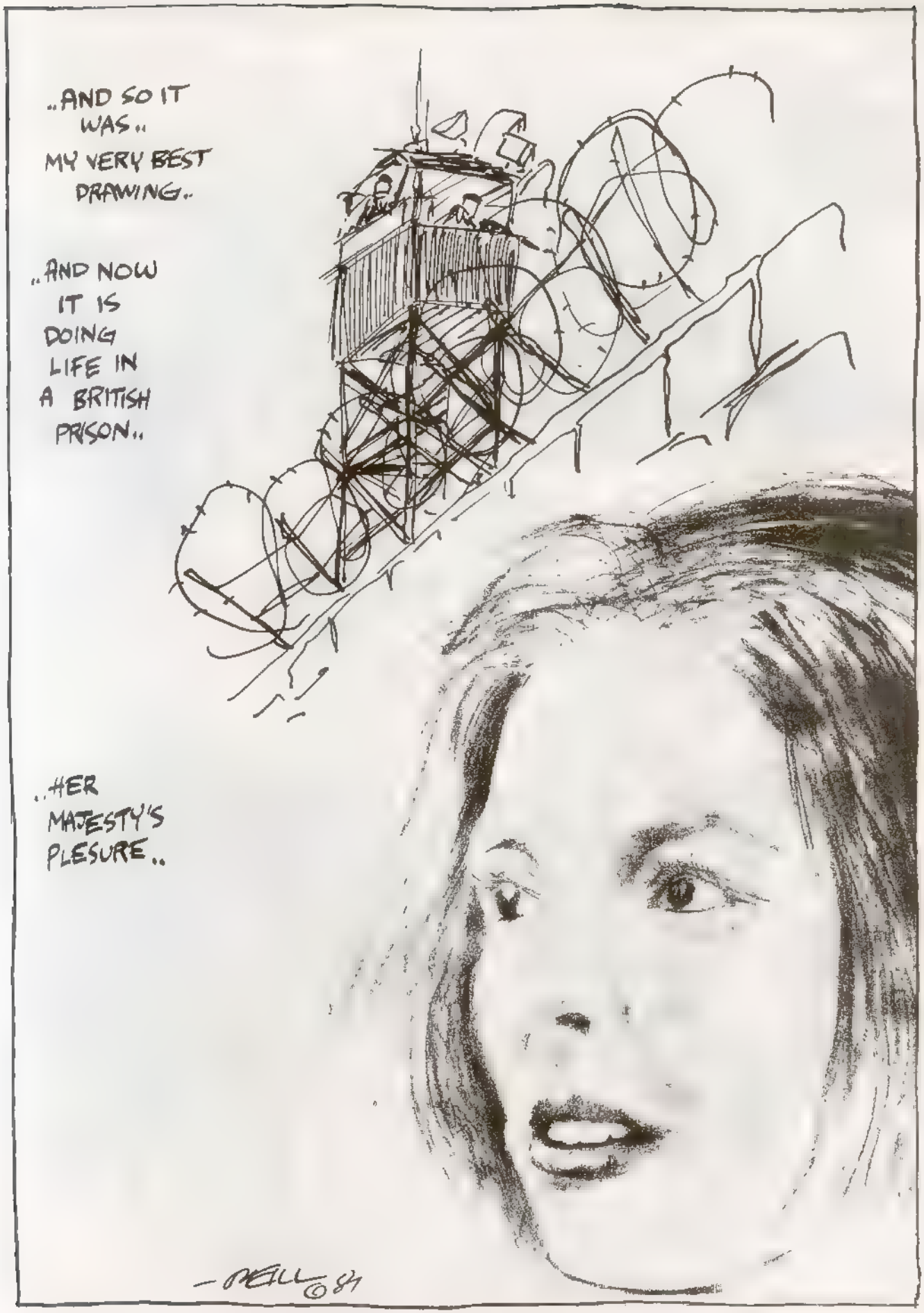
WELL, THAT'S ABOUT AS MUCH AS I'D CARE TO SAY... NEVER KNOW WHEN I MIGHT WANT TO HEAD BACK DOWN TO NORTH CAROLINA AN KICK AROUND A BIT... SO TILL LATER... JQ

# HER BLOODY MAJESTY'S PLEASURE



..THE WOMAN WITH THE DRINKS ASKS ME IF I WILL DRAW A PORTRAIT OF HER GIRLFRIEND.. SHE NEEDS A PORTRAIT..
I TRY TO EXPLAIN I'M A CARTOONIST.. FINE ART TERRIFIES ME .. NO GOOD.. I SAY I'LL TRY.. HER FRIEND IS MARRIED .. CHILDHOOD SWEETHEARTS.. MARRIED SINCE THE AGE OF 16..
THE PORTRAIT IS FOR HER HUSBAND .. HE NEEDS A PICTURE OF HIS WIFE..
HER NAME IS ALLISON .. HER HUSBAND IS DOING LIFE .. SINCE HE WAS 16 YEARS OLD.. HE SHOT TWO BRITISH SOLDIERS DEAD .. NOW HE SERVES AT HER MAJESTY'S PLEASURE .. LIFE .. THEY WERE MARRIED.. HOLDING HANDS.. THROUGH THE BARS .. THAT WAS EIGHT YEARS AGO..
THAT'S ALL THERE WAS .. HOLDING HANDS THROUGH THE BARS .. THAT'S ALL THERE WILL BE .. HER MAJESTY'S PLEASURE..
HE IS NOT ALLOWED A PHOTOGRAPH .. ONLY A DRAWING..
LORD, I PRAY.. AND I NEVER PRAY..
IF THIS IS THE ONLY PORTRAIT I EVER DO, MAKE IT THE BEST..




..AND SO IT WAS..
MY VERY BEST DRAWING..
..AND NOW IT IS DOING LIFE IN A BRITISH PRISON..
..HER MAJESTY'S PLESURE..
-NEILL ©84

# AMAZONS episode Four

by Jodi Sturgeon

PINNED DOWN BY AMAZON ARROWS THE FRUSTRATED GREEK HEROES QUARREL AMONG THEMSELVES.

STAY COOL, BOYS

DON'T CALL US BOYS!

WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO CALL YOU?

LIKE BUCKOS

YOU GOT US INTO THIS SHIT, ACHILLES!

BIG FUCKIN' HERO!

HOW 'BOUT 'ME HEARTIES!'

HE AIN'T DONE SHIT!

I HEAR HE AIN'T ALL THAT THRILLED ABOUT FIGHTIN ON OUR SIDE, CAUSE HE'S GOT HOTS FOR SOME CUTE TROJAN TAIL.

MALE OR FEMALE?

SMACK!

WHAT WAS THAT FOR?

TO GET YOUR ATTENTION! LISTEN UP...

I'VE GOT A PLAN! DORCAS, TAKE OFF RUNNING FOR THE GREEK CAMP. IT'S ONLY A COUPLE MILES.

THAT'S A PLAN?

YEAH! TELL 'EM TO SEND REINFORCEMENTS!

ARE YA KIDDING? THEY'LL FIND OUT WE'RE GETTING CLOBBERED BY FOUR WOMEN!

WHY'S PRINCE ACHILLES TAKIN HIS CLOTHES OFF ???

STRIPPING FOR ACTION, MAN

HE SAYS THE ARMOR'S JUST FOR SHOW ANYWAY HIS SKIN'S INVULNERABLE 'CAUSE HIS MOM DIPPED HIS BABY ASS IN THE RIVER STYX...

TELL THEM WE'VE ENCOUNTERED THE ENEMY IN FORCE MOVE IT!

HE WON'T MAKE IT. WHAT'S HE GOING FOR?

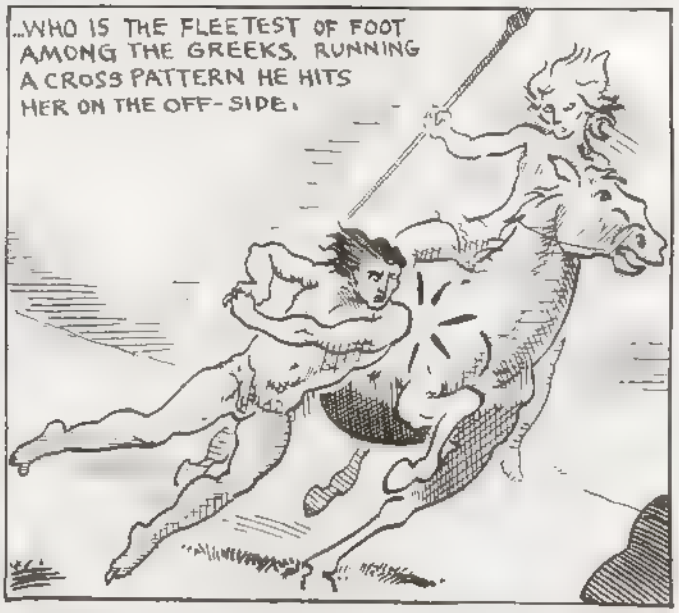
DOG MEAT HE'S A DECOY!

BETTER HIM THAN ME.

THE AMAZONS GET IMPATIENT, TOO.
WE CAN PICK THEM OFF ONE AT A TIME.
IF WE HAD PLENTY OF ARROWS, I ONLY HAVE FIVE LEFT.
DO YOU THINK THEY'LL DIG IN FOR THE NIGHT?

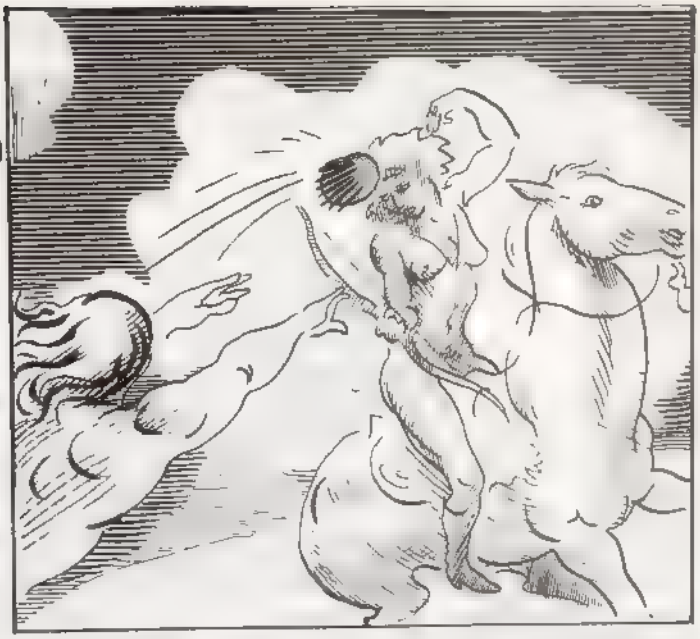
THERE'S ONE OF 'EM LOSING HIS NERVE. I'M GOING TO GET HIM.
KEEP THE OTHERS PINNED DOWN! WATCH MY BACK, GLAUCE, WHILE I GET 'IM!

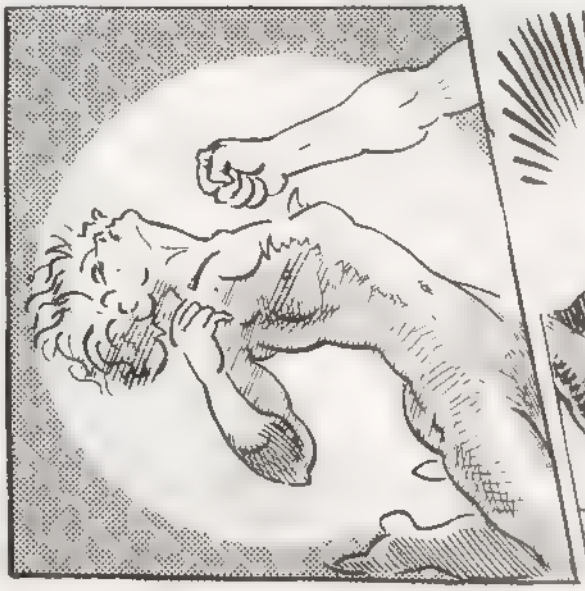
AS SHE PURSUES THE DECOY GREEK RUNNER HIPPOLYTA FORGETS ACHILLES...

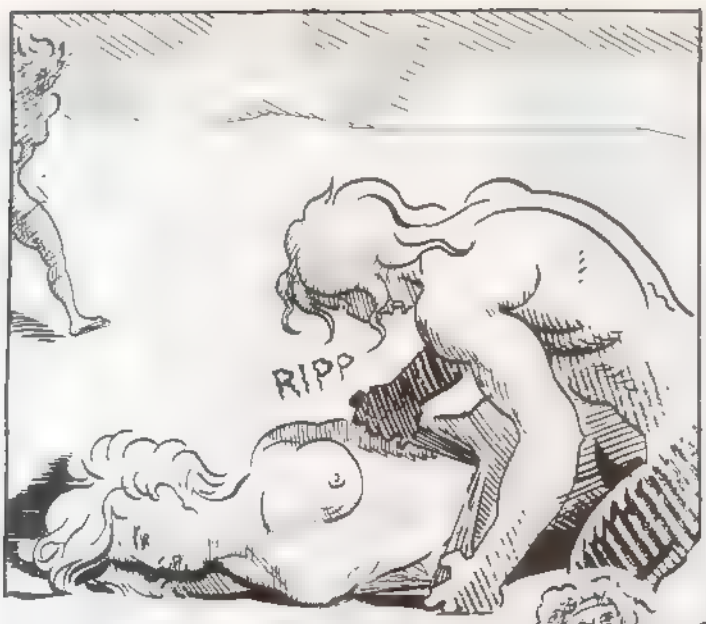

...WHO IS THE FLEETEST OF FOOT AMONG THE GREEKS. RUNNING A CROSS PATTERN HE HITS HER ON THE OFF-SIDE.

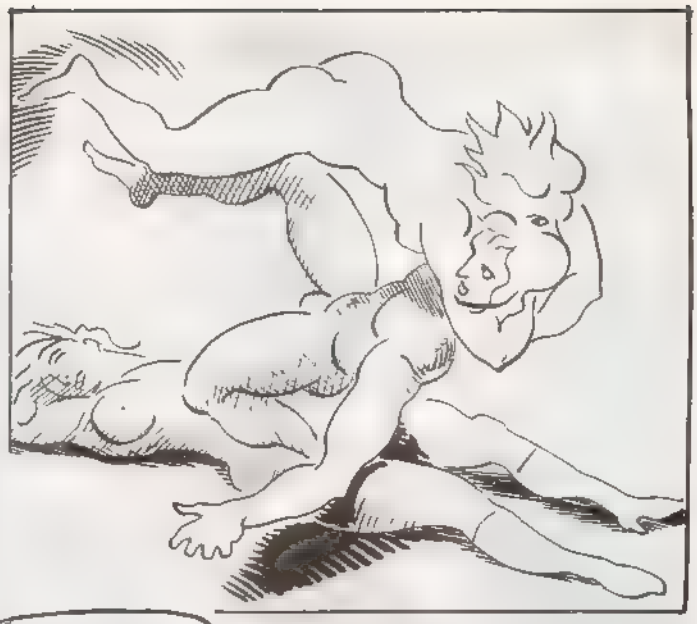
YOU BASTARD! YOU HURT MY HORSE!
YOU NEXT.

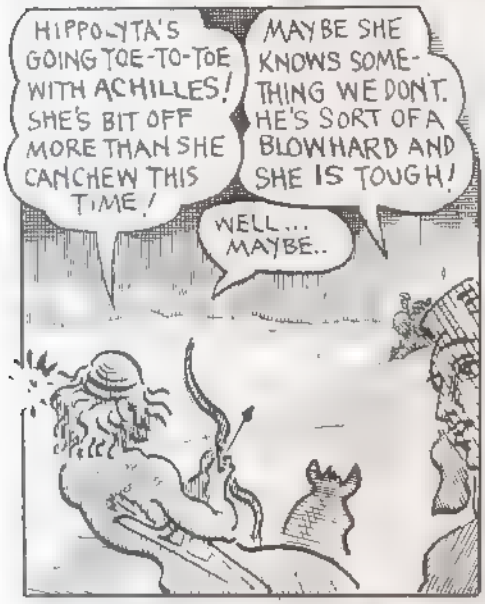
DID YOU SEE THAT! MAYBE THE SONUVABITCH IS INVULNERABLE!
MAYBE IT WAS AN OPTICAL ILLUSION!






RIPP




HIPPOLYTA'S GOING TOE-TO-TOE WITH ACHILLES! SHE'S BIT OFF MORE THAN SHE CAN CHEW THIS TIME!
MAYBE SHE KNOWS SOMETHING WE DON'T. HE'S SORT OF A BLOWHARD AND SHE IS TOUGH!
WELL... MAYBE..

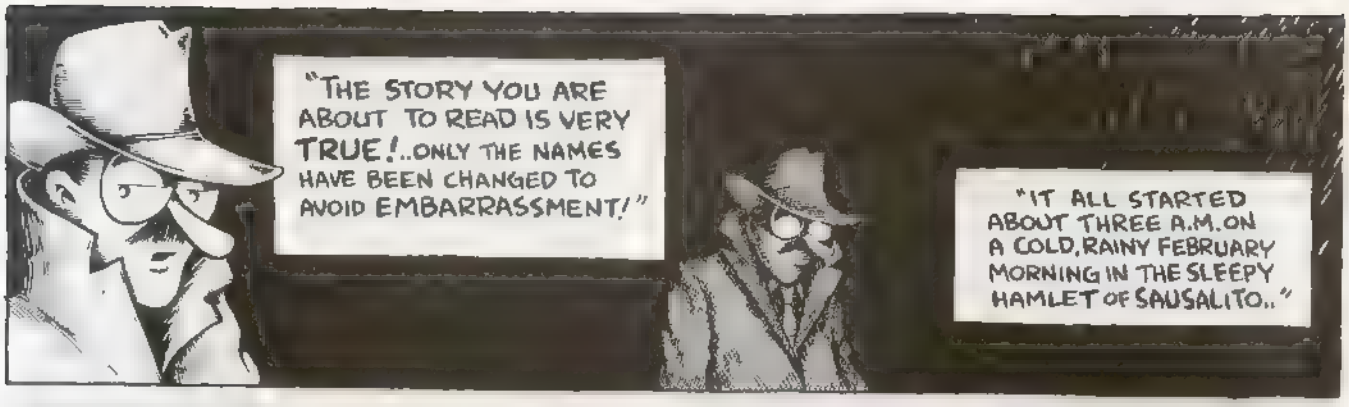
YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO PROVE HOW TOUGH YOU REALLY ARE
OKAY BUTCH!

OH OH! THAT WAS MY BEST SHOT.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE NEXT ISSUE.

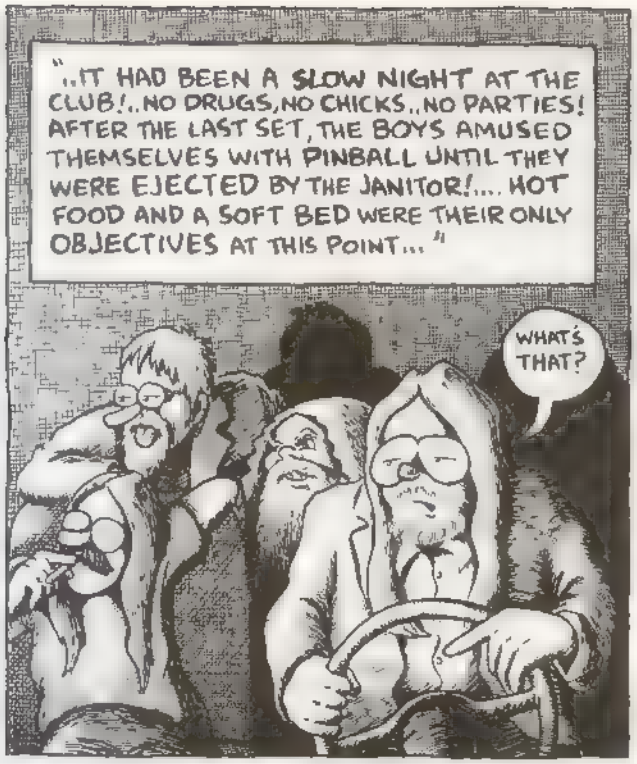
BADASS BUST STORIES
HUH? YUK-YUK TALES-O-JAILS?! MORE LIKE DUMBASS!! THE YEAR WAS 1981; AND IT WENT LIKE THIS:
YEAH?
MAKE IT A DOUBLE
JAN. 1ST, 7:00 AM. SAN DIAGO. 85 MPH. SPEEDING TICKET (ON THE WAY TO MEXICO)
4 DAYS LATER, A ROUTINE BORDER BUST. TOO MUCH TE-QUI-LA! THEY NEVER DID FIND THOSE FIREWORKS!
JAN. 26TH I GOT MY .45 MACHINE GUN
I LATER TOOK A .45 AUTO PISTOL IN TRADE.
AFTER A CIRCLE-JERKS SHOW I GOT BUSTED FOR BREAKING AND ENTERING. PULLING A BIG KNIFE ON SOME JERK (5/31)
HONK!
TWEET!
COSTA MESA CITY JAIL!
SUNDAY FOOTBALL ON TV.
BOR. ING
IT WAS OVER WITH THE HELP OF A GOOD LAWYER IN 3 WEEKS AND I WENT BACK INTO MEXICO TO GET DRUNK WITH MY NEW BLOND SURFER SLUT CHICK (SHE HAD MOVED IN WITH ME ON THE FIRST DATE, NO SHIT)
AMM
IN JULY, I PAID BACK THE $3,600 I "EMBEZZLED" AT MY JOB. JUST IN TIME TO GO GET JUMPED AT THE PUNK CLUB COZ OF THE LIL' SLUT IN SPANDEX BIG MOUTH
NEXT DAY JULY 12TH HAVE A QUIET LIL' BAR-B-Q. I HADDA BREAK IT UP BY BEATIN' THE SHIT OUTA SOME SURF SQUID IN THE KITCHEN WITH MY SLUT! THE NERVE
GRR!
KRAK!
HE JUST WOULDN'T LEAVE. SO I SHOT HIM WITH THE .45. (LUCKILY I MISSED!!)
BLAM!
(YIKE!)
I TOLD THE COPS IT WAS A FIRE CRACKER
ME AND THE SLUT BROKE UP AFTER I BROKE HER SHOULDER...
FUCK IT!!
I GOT EVICTED HADDA MOVE BACK HOME
NO RENT, SO I GOTTA LOTTA MORE GUNS HEROIN WAS CHEAP THEN, THO NOT AS GOOD. COKE WASN'T EITHER. USED LOTSA ALL THIS SHIT.
BANG! BANG!
MOM AND DAD NEVER KNEW
BACK AND FORTH TO COURT. GOT THE ASSAULT W. DEADLY WEAPON CHARGE TO DROP LUCKY
NOW I MEET TWO FINE GIRLS AND HAVE LOTSA RED BLOODED AMERIKN BOY FUN!
TOO BAD ME CAN'T SEE 'EM ON WEEKENDS COZ I GOTTA DO TIME IN JAIL...
THE ENDLESS PAJAMA PARTY BREAKFAST AT 6:00 AM. FUN.
SO I DRAW A COMIC STRIP CALLED "JAIL".
I PUT AN UP-SIDE DOWN CROSS ON MY TRUCK, & HALLOWEEN NITE I GET A WARRANT FUN!
WARRANT
OH SHIT
ON ELECTION DAY I BUY A .357 MAGNUM.
VOTE HERE
PLAY QUICK-DRAW McGRAW WITH IT FOR HOURS.

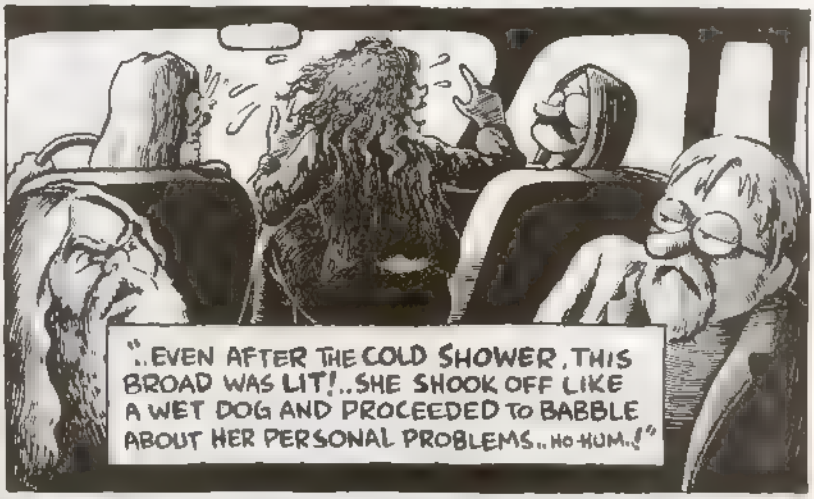
I LEAVE TOWN GO SEE MY BABE IN FRISCO HER FOLKS LAY ON A MEXICAN FEAST.
BURP!!
I HANG OUT IN SF FOR 3 DAYS. DO ALL THE TOURIST SHIT THEN GET WOKEN UP IN MY CAR AFTER A BAD RAINY NITE. UH OH
WOT THE FUK?
TWO OF MARIN COUNTIES FINEST WITH SHOTGUNS. THEY THINK I'M A MAD BOMBER, MY METAL SUITCASE A BOMB. "FELONY WEAPONS VIOLATION WARRANT FROM L.A. COUNTY"
FREEZE
DONT MOVE WITH ANGLE GRINDER!
I WOULDN'T LET THEM SEARCH MY AUTO. SO THEY TOW IT AWAY WITH MY BAIL MONEY IN IT. TRUCK GOES 20 MILES TO ONE CITY...
AND MY ASS 20 MILES TO ANOTHER MARIN COUNTY JAIL. BEAUTIFUL BUILDING. FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT YA KNOW.
THE SPADES LOVE MY MULTICOLORED HAIR. THE SCREW BOUGHT ME TWO PACKS OF MARLBORO'S. I READ THE SAME SCRAP OF NEWSPAPER OVER AND OVER WHILE AN OLD HIPPY SHITS
POOT!
ON THE FLOOR (NO BED)
MY GORGEOUS BABE BAILS ME OUT, MY CAR AND TAKES ME OUT FOR A GREAT ITALIAN DINNER. SURE BEAT JAIL.
DIDN'T SEE HER FOR ANOTHER TWO YEARS
DRIVE HOME ON BAD ACID AND A SPARE TIRE
BIG SUR
THAT WAS TWO DAYS AFTER BERKELEY. FOUND A HOTEL AND TWO SISTERS THAT TAKE US IN. DRINK A LOTTA COFFEE. I ONLY GOT $50 LEFT TO GO.
REFILL!
BACK IN COURT ON FIREARMS CHARGES. I USE MYSELF AS A LAWYER. COZ I CAN LIE FOR CHEAP. I GET IT REDUCED & GET TO KEEP MY 45. $200 FINE
YASS MAM YER HONOR!
HAIR DYED AN BLACK
TWEEK!!
TAKE OFF THE UPSIDE DOWN CROSS ON CAR. TOO MUCH BAD VIBES
OK! OK!!
MEET NEW GIRLFRIEND AT DA PUNK CLUB NEXT NITE. BUY HER PALS SOME WINE. SHE'S JUST TURNED 17. USETA BE A BOUNCER THERE. KEEPS ME OUTTA TROUBLE FOR NEXT 1000 DAYS.
I BE REHAB!
I DIDN'T REALLY TELL HER ABOUT THE $5000 BAIL I WAS UNDER. THE 3 HOTS & A COT I VACATIONED IN ALL YEAR LONG. STATE PAID!!
PHIL DICK BOOK
PAJAMA PARTY NEXT DOOR TO THE DOG POUND THAT KEPT ME AWAKE ALL NITE. SPECIALLY SINCE I ATE A BUNCH OF SINSEMILLA CAKE.
OWOOF
Z
GEE, SO I GUESS I'M ALL OLDER AND WISER NOW RIGHT? THIS KINDA SHIT DON'T HAPPEN NO MORE.
WAR RANT! H-LL!
©1987 THE PIZZ!


"THE STORY YOU ARE ABOUT TO READ IS VERY TRUE!..ONLY THE NAMES HAVE BEEN CHANGED TO AVOID EMBARRASSMENT!"
"IT ALL STARTED ABOUT THREE A.M. ON A COLD, RAINY FEBRUARY MORNING IN THE SLEEPY HAMLET OF SAUSALITO.."

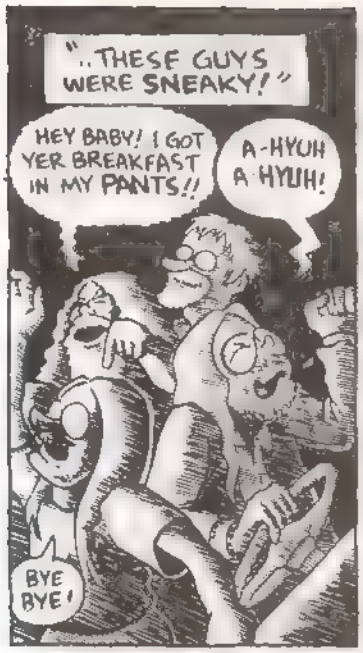
" ..THESE WERE THE CULPRITS..PART OF A STRUGGLING ROCK BAND!"
"..NOW NORMAL GOD-FEARING CITIZENS ARE ASLEEP AT THIS HOUR, LEAVING DRUG-CRAZED DEGENERATES AND CRIMINAL SCUM TO DO THEIR FILTHY BUSINESS IN THE DARK!.."
DUCKNUTS
SKIBBY
O-BOMB
TINKER

"..BUT THESE PARTICULAR PERVERTS WERE ABOUT TO DISCOVER THAT JUSTICE NEVER SLEEPS!...NO, THEY COULDN'T ESCAPE..."
THE LONG ARM OF THE LAW!"
HELL!..THEY AIN'T NOTHIN' OPEN HERE, NEITHER!

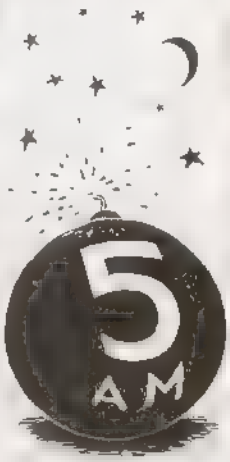


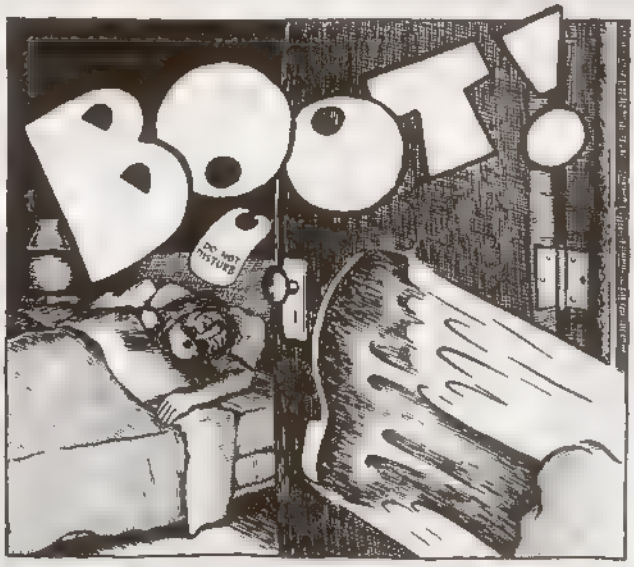


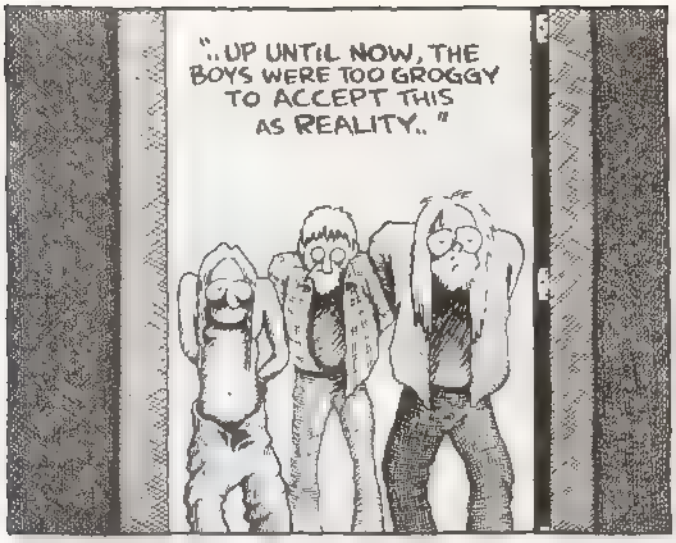

"..AS A REWARD FOR THEIR CHIVALROUS ACT, THE BOYS WERE INVITED TO BE HER GUESTS AT THE RED LION INN FOR BREAKFAST.. HOWEVER, THEY QUIETLY DECIDED TO DECLINE THE OFFER AND DITCHED OUT!, DESERTION, BEING THE BETTER PART OF VALOR!"

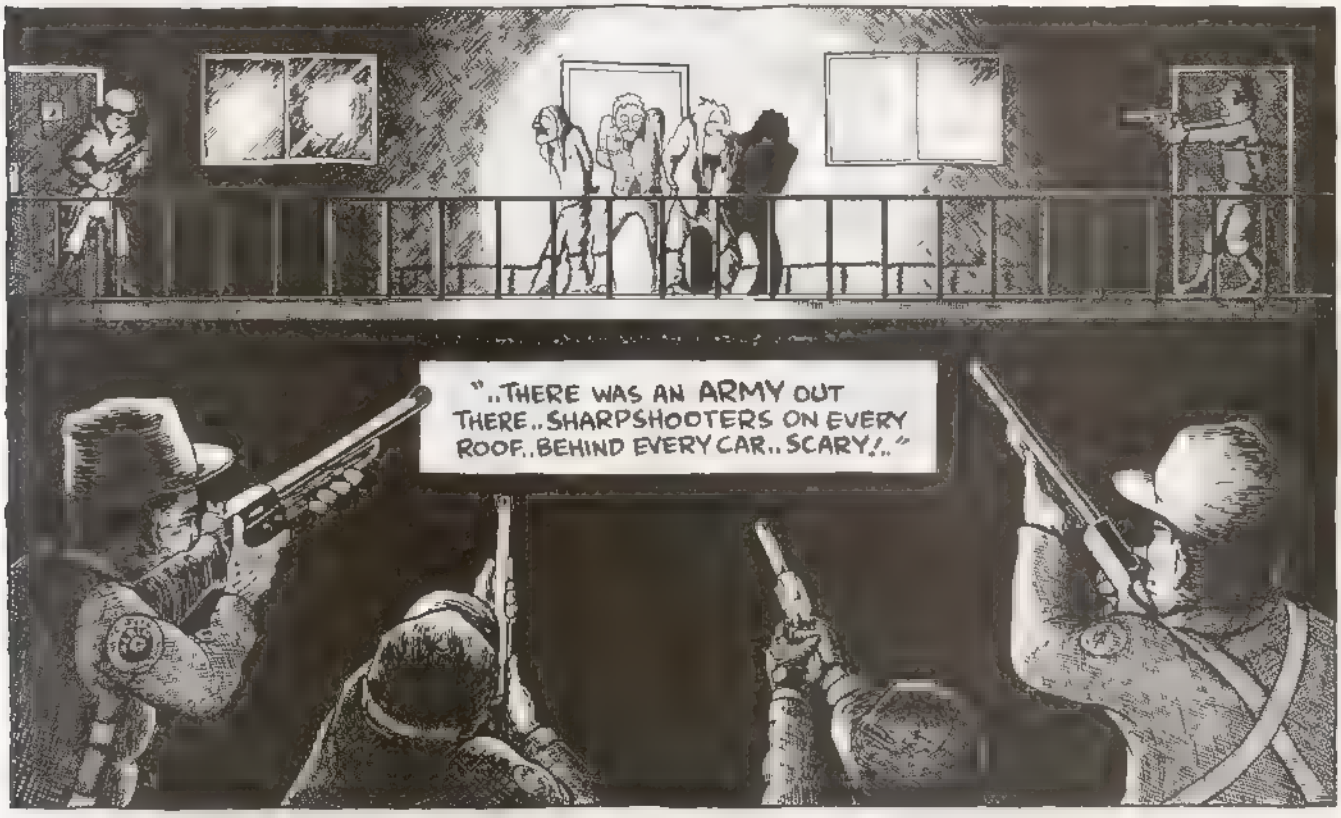


"WITH THE DIZZY DAME OUT OF THE PICTURE, THEY WENT BACK TO THE ORIGINAL PLAN...FIRST OF ALL, A BIG, GREASY BREAKFAST OF EGGS, BACON, AND PANCAKES AT THE LOCAL DENNY'S..IT WAS AN UNEVENTFUL MEAL..THEY WERE TOO EXHAUSTED TO EVEN MUSTER UP A DECENT FOOD FIGHT!! THE CHOLESTEROL AND PRESERVATIVES SNUFFED OUT ANY FIRE THAT WAS STILL FLICKERING IN THEIR CHAOTIC MINDS!"

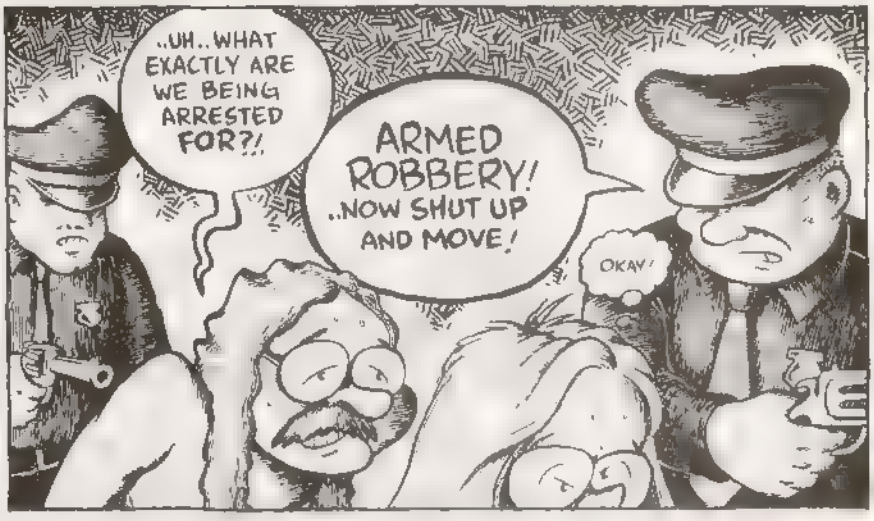


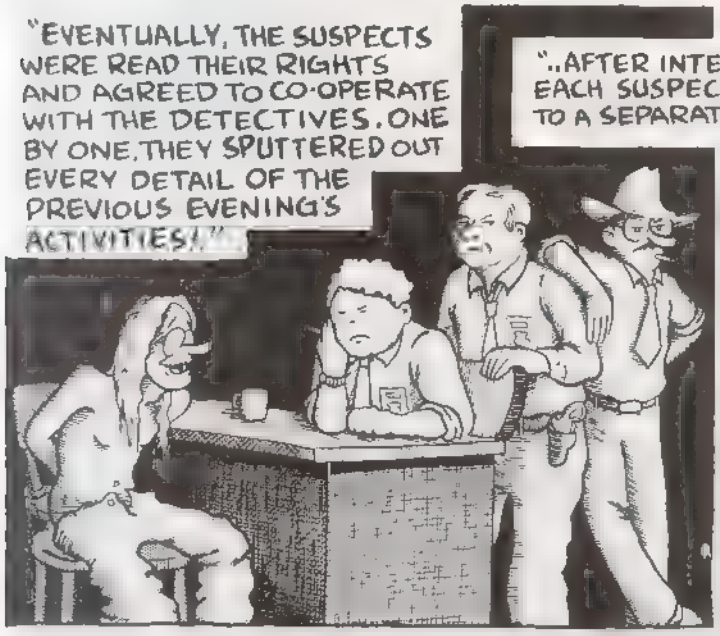


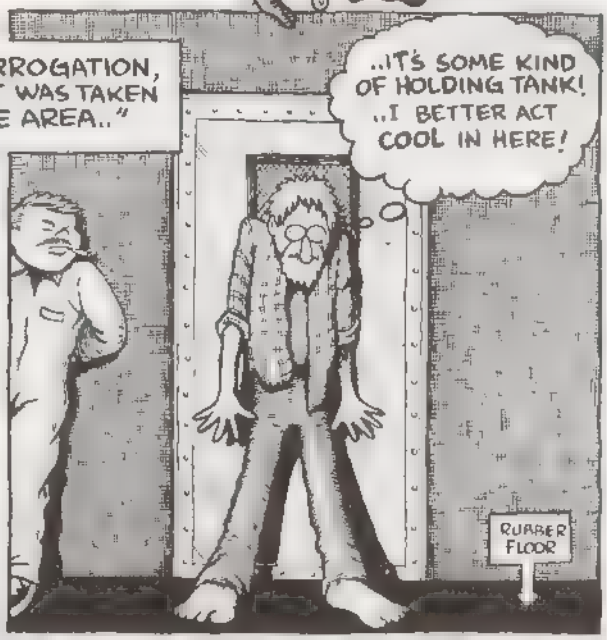



"..TINKER WAS NABBED IN ANOTHER ROOM AND DOUBLE-CUFFED, PROBABLY DUE TO HIS PITBULL APPEARANCE!"

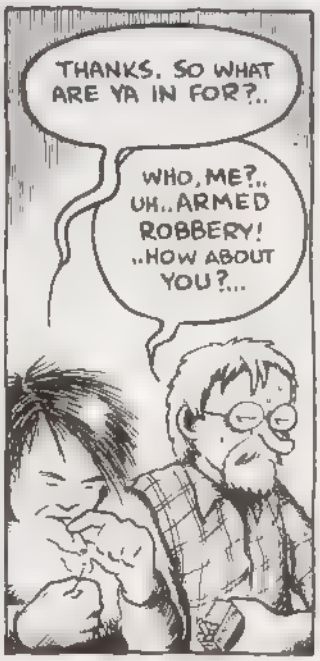


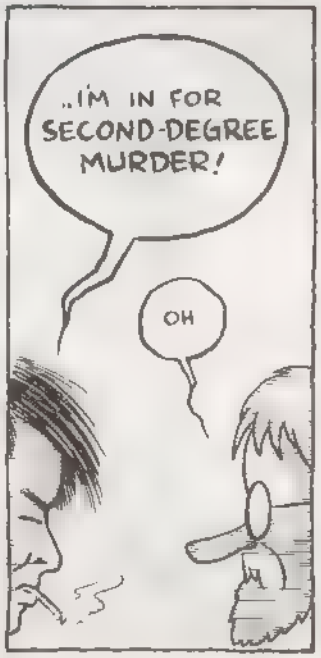
"..ON THE WAY TO THE MARIN CO. JAIL, THEY PONDERED THE REASON FOR THIS RUDE AWAKENING!"
BAD MANNERS?
YA SHOULD'A BEEN MORE POLITE! HA HA HA!!
"..BUT SOMEWHERE, IN THE BACK OF THEIR MINDS, THERE WAS ANOTHER, MORE OMINOUS THOUGHT!..."
THE PORKY
SERVING SIX CONSECUTIVE LIFE TERMS FOR MULTIPLE AX MURDERS!
Hello there, Purdy Boy!

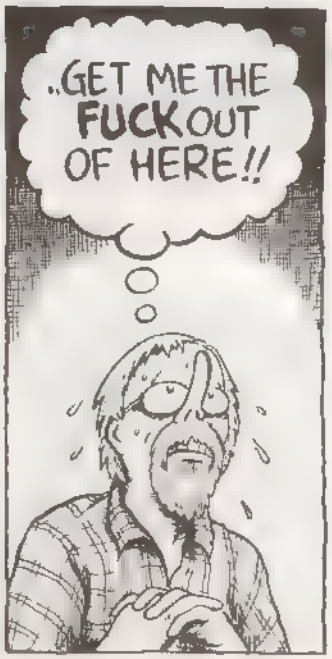

"EVENTUALLY, THE SUSPECTS WERE READ THEIR RIGHTS AND AGREED TO CO-OPERATE WITH THE DETECTIVES. ONE BY ONE, THEY SPUTTERED OUT EVERY DETAIL OF THE PREVIOUS EVENING'S ACTIVITIES!"
"..AFTER INTERROGATION, EACH SUSPECT WAS TAKEN TO A SEPARATE AREA.."


..IT'S SOME KIND OF HOLDING TANK! ..I BETTER ACT COOL IN HERE!
RUBBER FLOOR

HEY MAN..GOT A CIGARETTE?..
..YEAH!. SURE!.

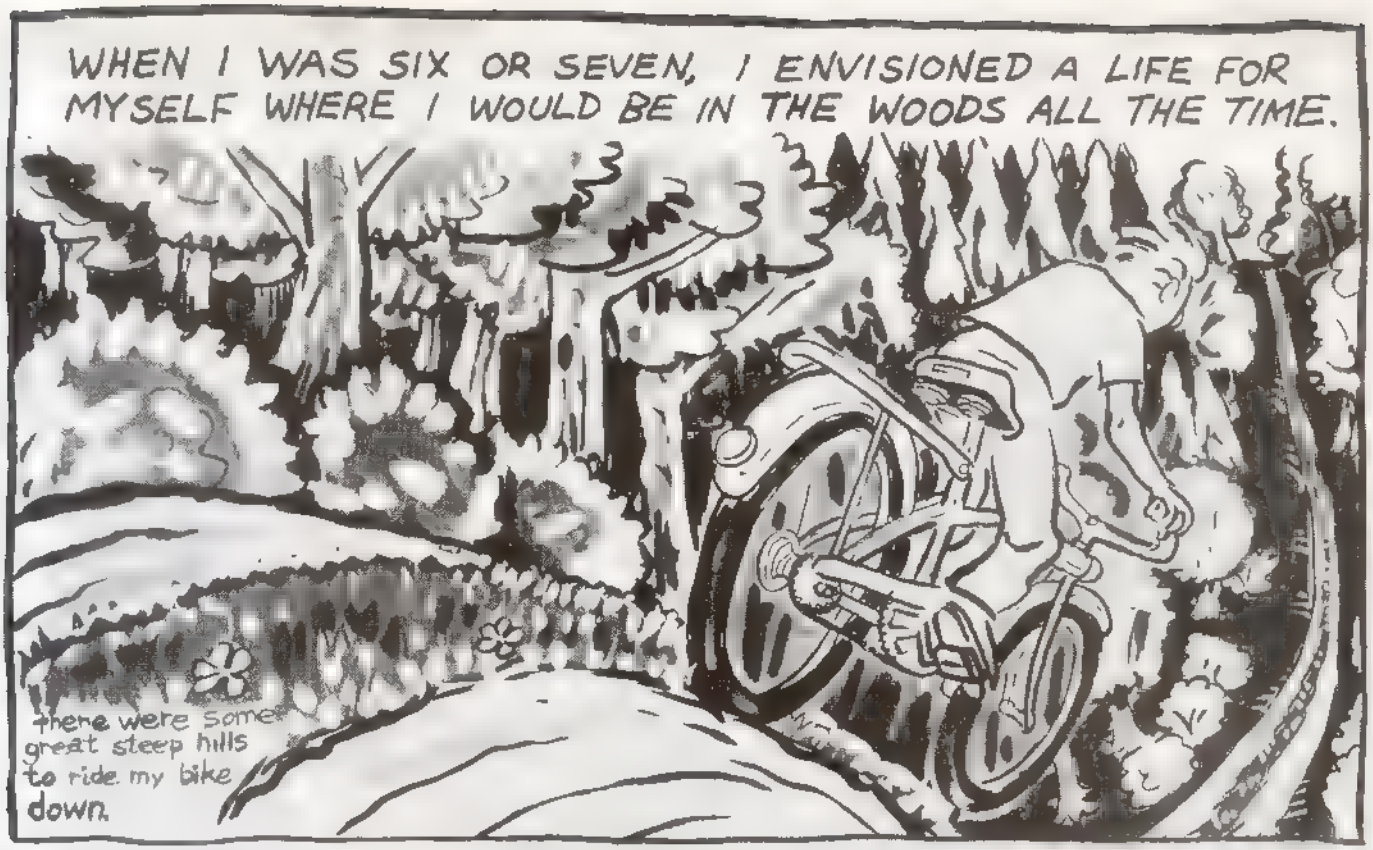

THANKS. SO WHAT ARE YA IN FOR?..
WHO, ME?.. UH..ARMED ROBBERY! ..HOW ABOUT YOU?...


..I'M IN FOR SECOND-DEGREE MURDER!
OH


..GET ME THE FUCK OUT OF HERE!!

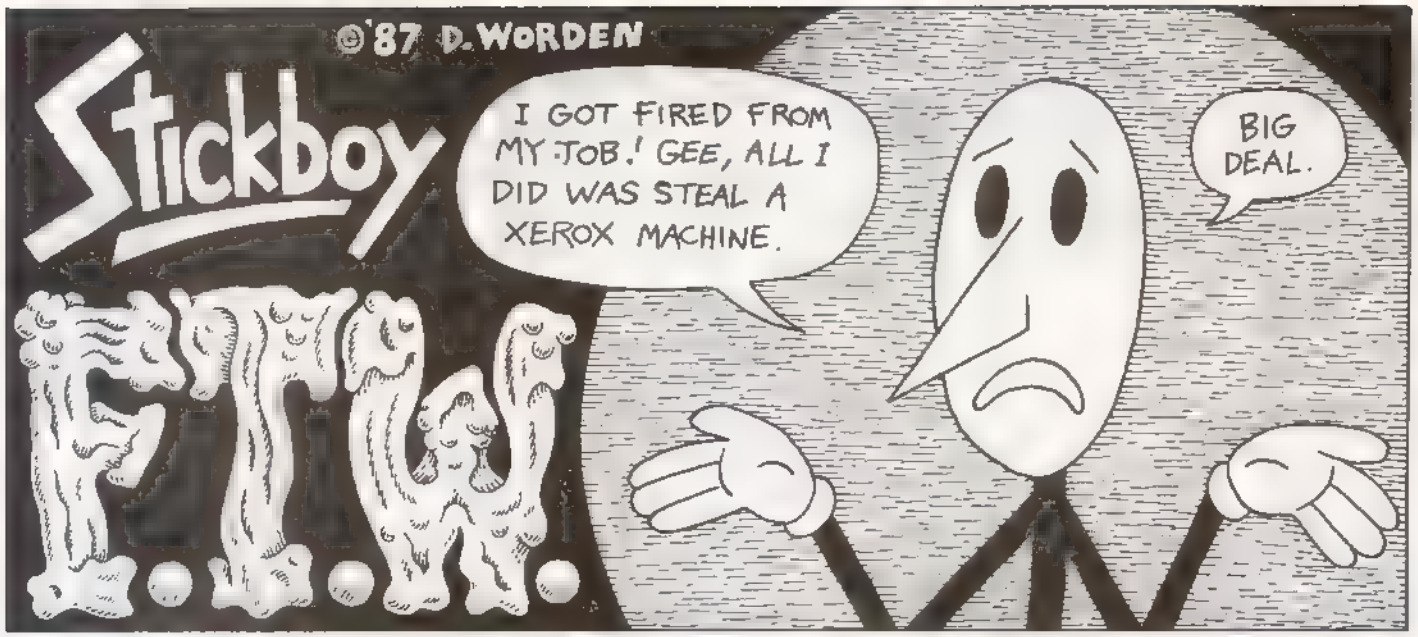
"..AS IF ON CUE..."
HEY!..YOU! ..C'MERE!
THANK YOU!
"..THE ASSEMBLED SUSPECTS WERE ADDRESSED BY THE CHIEF OF DETECTIVES."
..WELL, FELLAS, YOUR STORIES HAVE CHECKED OUT AND THE LADY HAS AGREED TO DROP THE ROBBERY CHARGES!...
..BUT WHAT HAPPENED?!
..IT APPEARS THAT THIS WOMAN DROPPED HER WALLET IN YOUR VAN..THE THING IS, SHE HAD SEVEN HUNDRED DOLLARS IN IT!..WHEN YOU DITCHED HER AT THE RESTAURANT, SHE COULD ONLY ASSUME THE WORST!
..IT WAS JUST LUCKY FOR YOU THE WALLET WAS STILL ON THE FLOOR OF THE VAN!... ANYWAY...
..WE'LL HAVE YOU OUT OF HERE AS SOON AS WE PROCESS THE PAPERWORK!
..YOU GUYS IN A BAND?! HEY, ALL THE BANDS COME THROUGH HERE!..LAST WEEK WE HAD QUICKSILVER!
ASSHOLE!
CAN WE GET COPIES OF THE MUG SHOTS?
BUTT-LIPS!
..YEAH..AND WE'LL GET YOU PUNKS FOR REAL, SOMEDAY!!
"..WITH THE SITUATION DEFUSED, EVERYBODY LIGHTENED UP! ..YEAH..IT WAS ALL FUN AND GAMES NOW!"

"..THE BAND'S MANAGER SHOWED UP TO PICK UP THE VAN, SINCE IT WAS REGISTERED IN HIS NAME.."
HI, Y'ALL!
..OKAY, BOYS, GATHER 'ROUND..
" BUT THERE WAS ONE FINAL HUMILIATING FORMALITY TO BE DEALT WITH BEFORE THE CHIMES OF FREEDOM WOULD RING AGAIN!"
I CAN GIVE YOU YOUR PERSONAL POSSESSIONS AND YOU CAN LEAVE, AS SOON AS YOU SIGN THIS RELEASE FORM!
..WHAT'S IT SAY?...
..JUST THAT YOU DON'T HOLD THE POLICE RESPONSIBLE FOR YOUR...DETAINMENT!!
..AND IF WE REFUSE TO SIGN?..
..YOU STAY IN JAIL!...
...WHERE DO I SIGN?...
..WELL, SON, DID YOU LEARN ANYTHING FROM THIS CRAZY LITTLE ESCAPADE?...
YEAH!..THERE'S NO FREE RIDE ON THE PATH TO GOOD INTENTIONS...
..AND AS FOR ANY BIMBO WANDERING AROUND IN THE RAIN WITH 700 BUCKS IN HER POCKET..
..WELL, SHE CAN AFFORD TO CALL A FUGGIN' TAXI!
ANYBODY GOT A REEFER?
..HOPELESS..
..JUST HOPELESS!
©1987 RL CRABB



STEVE LAFLER 1987

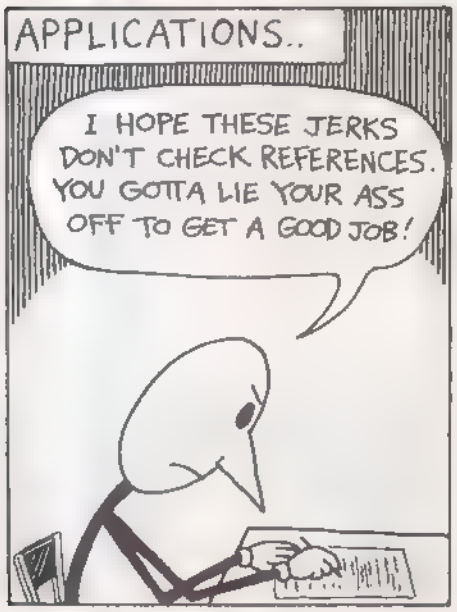
IT DIDN'T QUITE WORK OUT... AS AN ADULT, I FORGOT THAT I LIKED THE WOODS SO MUCH.
IF I HAD ANY BRAINS AT ALL, I'D GET BACK IN THOSE WOODS.
WOOP WOOP
WE USED TO POOP IN THE WOODS IF WE HAD TO
UNFORTUNATELY, THERE'S EIGHT LANES OF SUPERHIGHWAY THERE NOW.


©'87 D.WORDEN
Stickboy
F.I.R.E.D.
I GOT FIRED FROM MY JOB! GEE, ALL I DID WAS STEAL A XEROX MACHINE.
BIG DEAL.

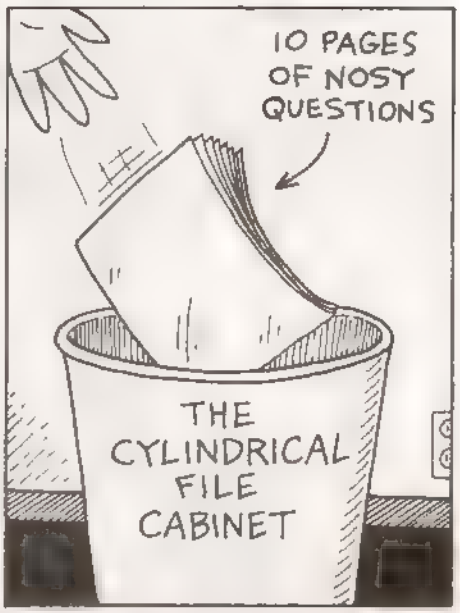
I WAS GOING TO PUT IT TO GOOD USE. THEY DIDN'T NEED IT THE STINKING BASTARDS!

SHIT, NOW I'VE GOT TO FIND A NEW JOB!
SLAVE ADS

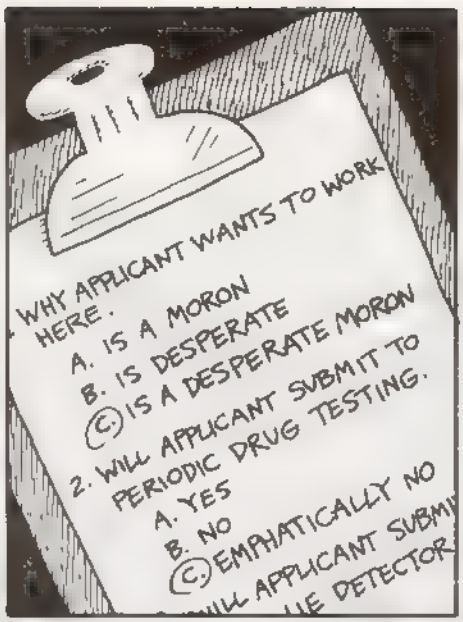
JOB HUNT
THE TORMENT BEGINS!


APPLICATIONS..
I HOPE THESE JERKS DON'T CHECK REFERENCES. YOU GOTTA LIE YOUR ASS OFF TO GET A GOOD JOB!

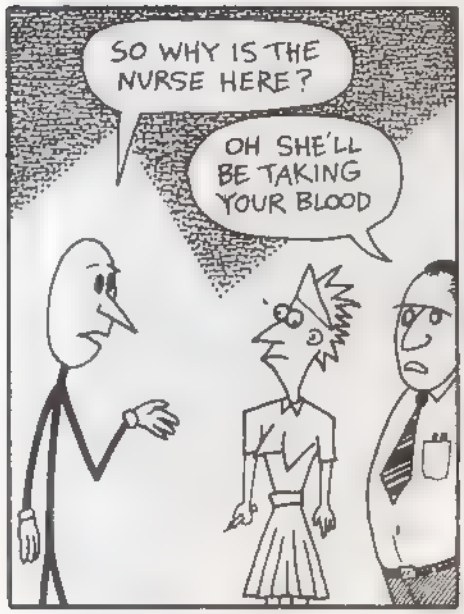
HERE'S MY APPLICATION
O.K. SIR, WE'LL FILE IT UNTIL THERE IS AN OPENING.


10 PAGES OF NOSY QUESTIONS
THE CYLINDRICAL FILE CABINET

INTERVIEWS...
SO TELL ME, WHY DO YOU WANT TO WORK HERE?
WELL SIR, I FEEL THAT THIS JOB WOULD FIT IN WITH MY GOALS AND CAPABILITIES EXTREMELY WELL ..
NOSE GROWING
LOAD OF BULLSHIT


WHY APPLICANT WANTS TO WORK HERE.
A. IS A MORON
B. IS DESPERATE
(C.) IS A DESPERATE MORON
2. WILL APPLICANT SUBMIT TO PERIODIC DRUG TESTING.
A. YES
B. NO
(C.) EMPHATICALLY NO

AND HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT COMMUNISM?!


SO WHY IS THE NURSE HERE?
OH SHE'LL BE TAKING YOUR BLOOD

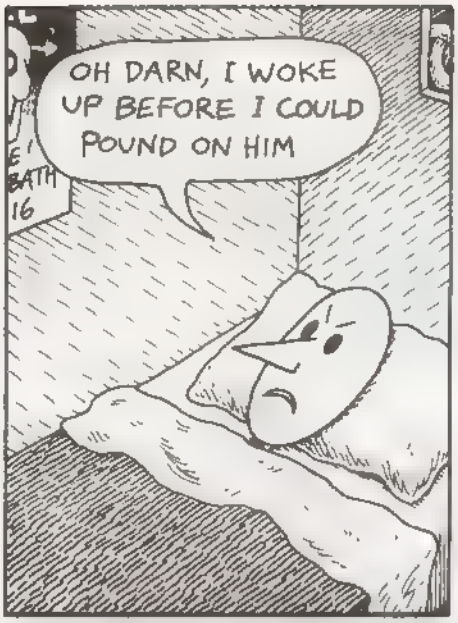
BAD PROSPECTS...
YOU'D BE WORKING WITH THESE VATS OF ACID...
DON'T YOU WEAR MASKS?
NAW, THEY JUST GET IN THE WAY

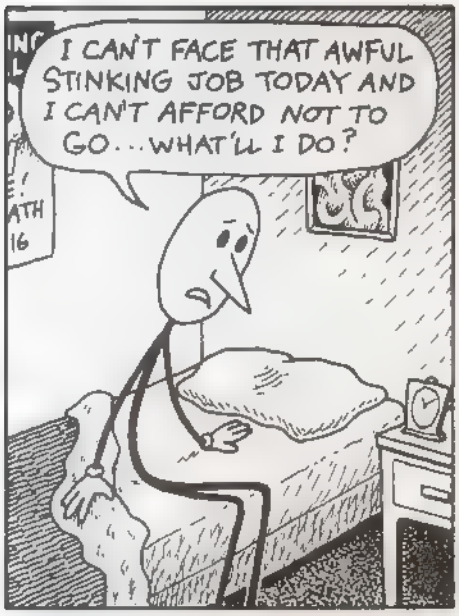
YOUR DUTIES WOULD BE TO CHANGE THEIR DIAPERS 3 TIMES A DAY AND MAKE A DETAILED REPORT ON THEIR BOWEL MOVEMENTS...

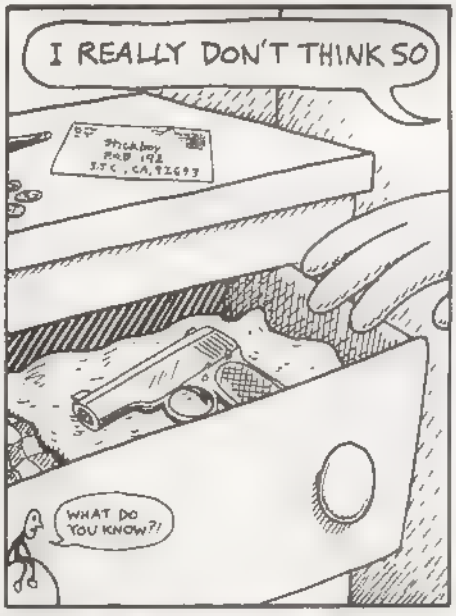
STICKBOY ENDS UP AT "PIZZA PETE'S" PIZZERIA
ALWAYS KEEP THE CHEESE NICE'N'EVEN
P
P
P
MIKE

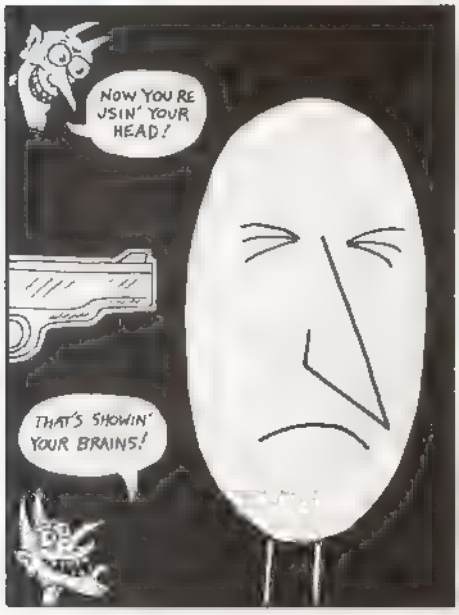
THIS IS SO HUMILIATING, MY BOSS IS ONLY 17 YEARS OLD AND THE LITTLE GEEK FORCES ME TO WORK AT AN INSANE PACE! ALL THIS FOR MINIMUM WAGE!
P

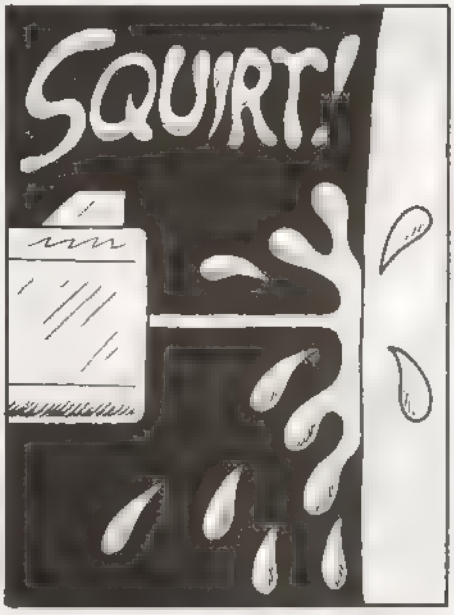
I'M AT THE VERY BOTTOM OF THE WORK FORCE HEAP. IT'S LIKE SLAVERY, I ONLY MAKE ENOUGH TO BARELY AFFORD A SHITTY PLACE TO LIVE, CHEAP FOOD AND THRIFT STORE CLOTHES.
STILL NOT SATISFIED
AND TO THINK THAT IF SO MUCH WEALTH WASN'T WASTED ON CRAP WE DON'T NEED WE COULD ALL BE LIVING LIKE KINGS!
WE NEED MORE BOMBS!
YES, MANY MORE BOMBS!
BOMBS UP THE BUTT
US
THEM
B1 LEMON
$500
THE WORLD SUCKS, SO WHAT ELSE IS NEW.
P
QUITIN' TIME!
HOME AT LAST! I'D BETTER FIND A CHEAPER PLACE TO LIVE SOON. WITH THESE WAGES I'LL HAVE TO SHARE A PLACE. UGH.
DATING KILL
LIVE! DOD BATH MAY 16
HI STICKBOY!
WHY IT'S UNCLE SAM!
ZZZZ
WHAT'S THE MATTER KID? YOU LOSE SIGHT OF THE AMERICAN DREAM?
FACE IT SAM, THE "DREAM" HAS TURNED INTO A MONEY GRABBIN' NIGHTMARE.
IN AMERICA YOU CAN BE WHATEVER YOU WANT TO BE! JUST BELIEVE IN YOURSELF AND WORK HARD AND YOU WILL SUCCEED!
OH PUT A STICK IN IT WOULD YOU! WAKE UP AND SMELL THE COLD PIZZA! GET REAL!





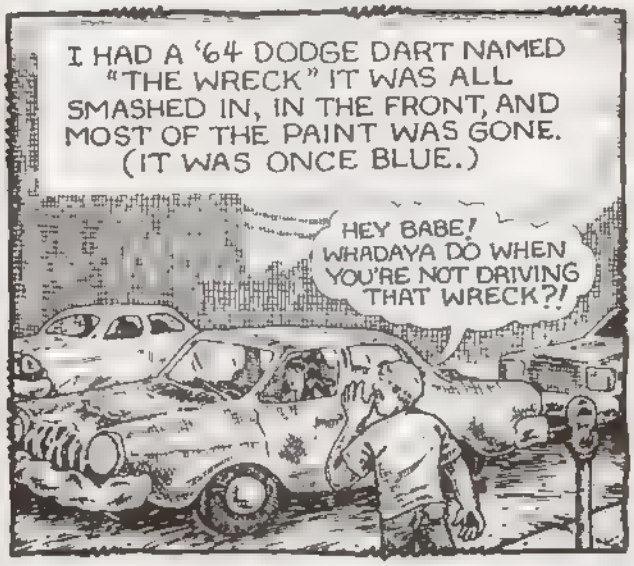



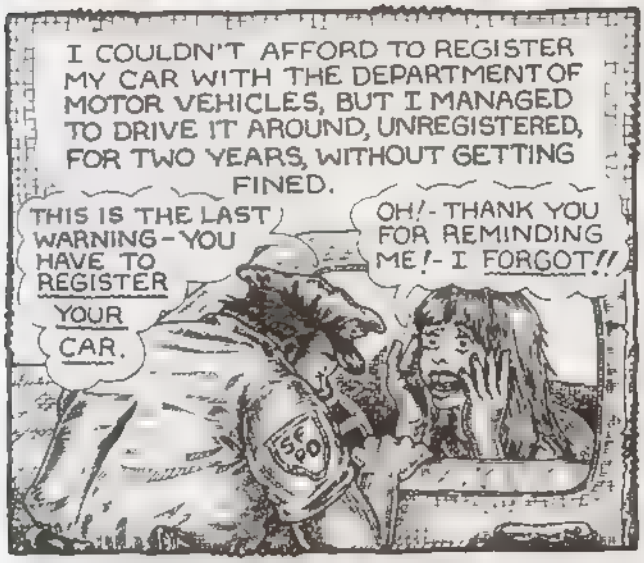


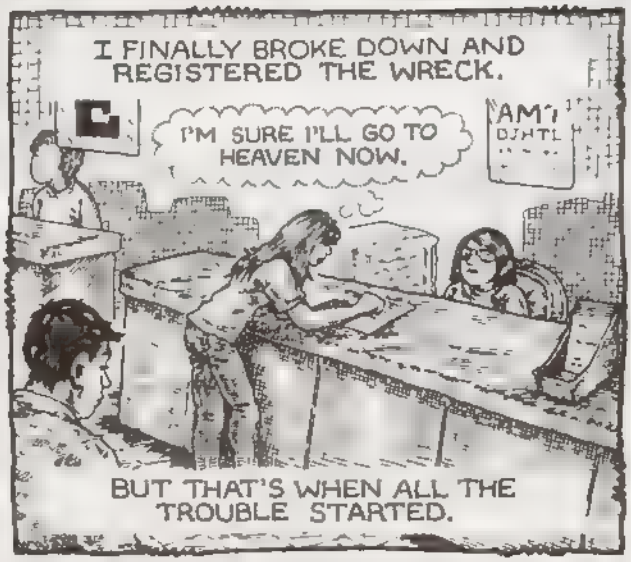

TO BE CONTINUED..

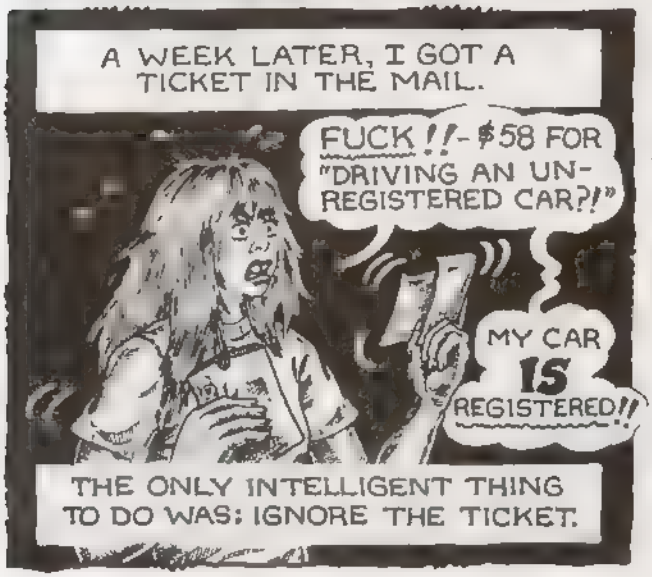
# How Cops "Pick Up" Girls

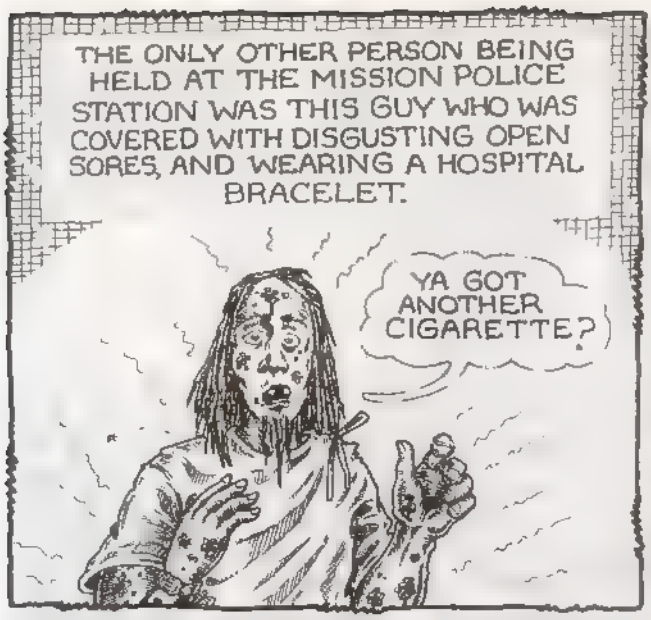
© 1987 DORI SEDA

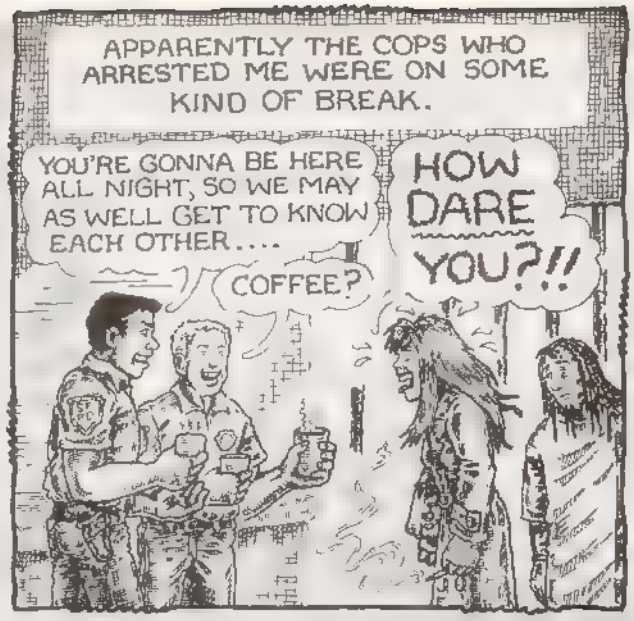


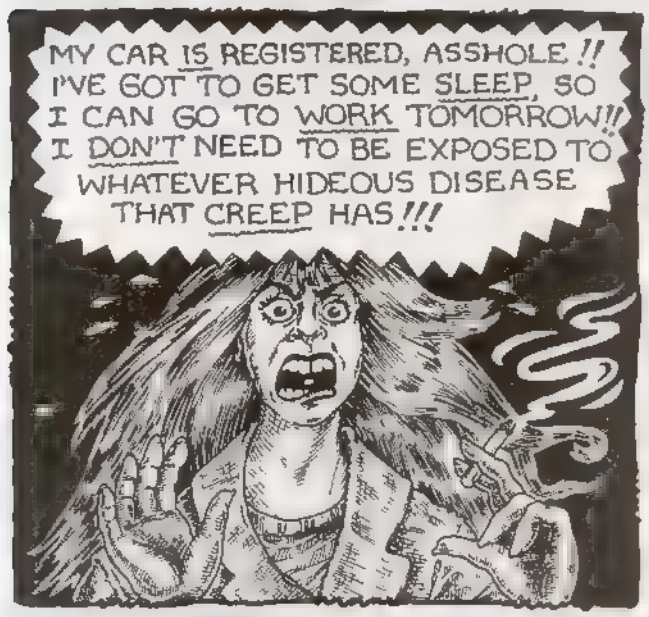



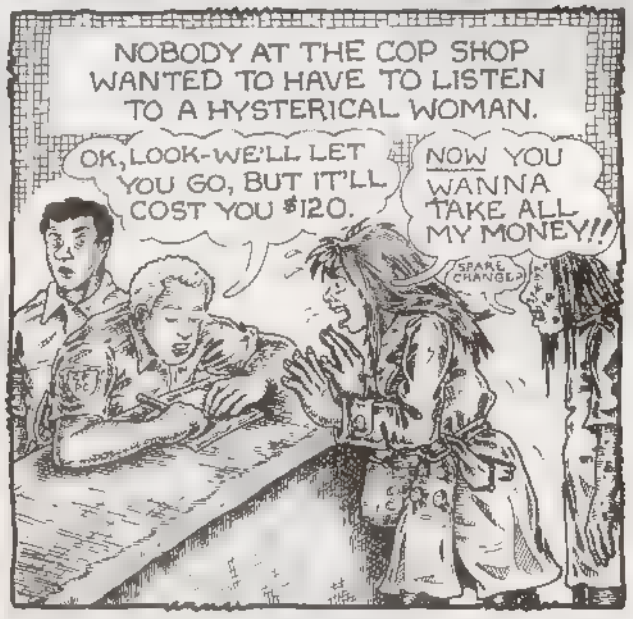




THE ONLY OTHER PERSON BEING HELD AT THE MISSION POLICE STATION WAS THIS GUY WHO WAS COVERED WITH DISGUSTING OPEN SORES, AND WEARING A HOSPITAL BRACELET.
YA GOT ANOTHER CIGARETTE?


APPARENTLY THE COPS WHO ARRESTED ME WERE ON SOME KIND OF BREAK.
YOU'RE GONNA BE HERE ALL NIGHT, SO WE MAY AS WELL GET TO KNOW EACH OTHER....
COFFEE?
HOW DARE YOU?!!


MY CAR IS REGISTERED, ASSHOLE!! I'VE GOT TO GET SOME SLEEP, SO I CAN GO TO WORK TOMORROW!! I DON'T NEED TO BE EXPOSED TO WHATEVER HIDEOUS DISEASE THAT CREEP HAS!!!


NOBODY AT THE COP SHOP WANTED TO HAVE TO LISTEN TO A HYSTERICAL WOMAN.
OK, LOOK-WE'LL LET YOU GO, BUT IT'LL COST YOU $120.
NOW YOU WANNA TAKE ALL MY MONEY!!
SPARE CHANGE?

IF YOUR CAR IS REALLY REGISTERED, YOU CAN GO TO TRAFFIC COURT AND GET YOUR MONEY BACK.
YOU JUST WANNA GET ME OFF THE ROAD 'COS I DRIVE AN UGLY CAR!!!
WELL, YOU'LL NEVER GET ME OFF THE ROAD!!
SFPD

NUTS.
JERK.
C'MON, JUST WRITE THE CHECK.
SFPD

I DROVE HOME AND PARKED MY CAR.

WOO! WOO! WHISTLE! HOOT!

I DON'T BELIEVE THIS.

THEY WERE THE SAME COPS WHO HAD PICKED ME UP.

THE FOLLOWING TUESDAY I WENT TO GET MY MONEY BACK. IT SEEMED TO ME THAT THE OTHER OFFENDERS HAD THE WRONG APPROACH TO TRAFFIC COURT.

WHAT A FUCKIN' WIMP.

YEAH, I GUESS I DID RUN A RED LIGHT.

THIS GUY HAD BEEN IN JAIL FOR DAYS.

I BROUGHT THE $58 TICKET AND A STACK OF PAPER WITH ME, TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE I HAD "EVIDENCE."

I BETTER GET HER OUT OF HERE, BEFORE SHE SETS A BAD EXAMPLE FOR EVERYONE ELSE.

HUH?

THERE'S SOMETHING TERRIBLY WRONG HERE!!!

?

WHA-?

I GOT ALL MY MONEY BACK.

A COUPLE MONTHS LATER, I RAN INTO ONE OF THE SAME COPS, WALKING DOWN MISSION STREET.

HIS EYES LIGHTING UP

HEY!-HOW 'YA DOIN'? WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO OUT FOR A DONUT?

YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF NERVE!!

DUH...I GUESS SHE DOESN'T LIKE ME.

HMMM....THEY MUST HAVE ARRESTED ME JUST BECAUSE THEY THOUGHT I WAS "CUTE".

I WONDER WHAT SICK, PERVERTED THINGS THEY WANTED TO DO WITH THE GUY WITH THE SORES...

The End

WHEN I WAS A KID, IN MY CROWD, IT WAS *COOL* AND *FASHIONABLE* TO *SHOPLIFT*... BUBBLE GUM, CANDY BARS, BASEBALL CARDS 'FINALLY, I MADE MY MOVE INTO *BIG-TIME CRIME* -- *COMIC BOOKS*!' WHO KNOWS? IF I HAD BEEN *SUCCESSFUL*, I MIGHT HAVE MOVED ON TO *BIGGER* AND *BIGGER THINGS*! INSTEAD, I WAS *CAUGHT*!

# MY COVENANT WITH THE HAWK!

I SHOULD HAVE REALIZED IT WAS A TRAP IT WAS STRANGE THAT THE COMIC RACK HAD BEEN MOVED SO CLOSE TO THE EXIT.

I'M GONNA *MAKE IT*!

I DIDN'T HAVE A *CHANCE*.

A TRUE STORY BY Larry Marder

CARTOONED BY DONALD SIMPSON

©1987 MARDER AND SIMPSON

YOU THOUGHT NO ONE WAS WATCHING YOU -- BUT YOU WERE VERY WRONG!
KAFF!
KAFF!
THEY CALL ME THE HAWK! --CUZ I SEE EVERY-THING!
THIEVES CAN'T SEE THE HAWK -- BUT THE HAWK SEES THIEVES!
WONDER WHY I AIN'T ASKING YOU YOUR NAME, BOY?
WHY?
'CUZ TO ME, YOU'RE JUST A PIECE OF SHIT! YOU AIN'T NO ONE AT ALL!!!
GIVE ME THE MONEY FOR THEM BOOKS
I HAND HIM A BUCK FOR TWO 12¢ BOOKS I DON'T GET ANY CHANGE
GET OUT OF HERE, I DON'T WANT YOUR SNOTTY FACE IN THIS STORE AGAIN, Y'UNDERSTAND, BOY?
YES, SIR.
IT WAS A SMALL PRICE TO PAY -- IT KEPT MY PARENTS OUT OF THIS
2

THUS BEGAN MY COVENANT WITH THE HAWK! I BECAME TOTALLY PARANOID ABOUT THE DIME STORE - I WOULDN'T GO ANYWHERE NEAR IT FOR FEAR THAT THE *HAWK* MIGHT SPOT ME..!

ONCE, ABOUT A YEAR LATER, I HAD A *CLOSE CALL*...

I CAN'T FIND A PARKING SPOT... YOU'LL HAVE TO RUN INTO THE BAKERY FOR ME.

OH NO!

THE BAKERY WAS NEXT DOOR TO THE *HAWK'S* LAIR -- THE *DIME STORE* !!!

WHERE'S MOM? I THOUGHT SHE WAS GONNA *WAIT* HERE FOR ME !!!

PULL

HONK HONK

MY MOM FOUND A SPACE RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE *DIME STORE*!

WHAT IF THE *HAWK* SPOTS ME ON THE WAY TO THE *CAR*?!!

WALKING PAST THE DIME STORE WAS THE SCARIEST MOMENT OF MY YOUNG LIFE.

*PLEASE*, GOD, DON'T LET THE *HAWK* CATCH ME HERE !!!

Chicago Tribune

NOTHING HAPPENED. I GOT IN THE CAR AND WE DROVE AWAY.

3

SKIP AHEAD ANOTHER YEAR OR SO. IN JR HIGH MY FRIENDS USED TO HANG AROUND THE *RECORD SHOP* AFTER SCHOOL...

WOOLY BULLY!

WOOLY BULLY!

HEY, MISTER TAMBOURINE MAN...

EDDIE ARNOLD

ANDY WILLIAMS

IT WAS A REAL TRAGEDY WHEN IT FOLDED.

WHERE WE GONNA GO *NOW?!!*

LET'S GO TO THE DRUG STORE FOR *COKES* AND *FRIES*.

CLOS

WE WEREN'T WELCOME AT THE DRUGSTORE

YOU VANT *SIT* HERE, YOU *SPEND MONEY!*

LET'S TRY HANGING OUT AT THE *DIME STORE*.

THE *DIME STORE ??!!!*

ARE YOU *OKAY?*

I GOT A *TUMMY ACHE*. MAYBE I BETTER *GO HOME*.

IF SHE KNEW THE TRUTH, SHE'D LAUGH AT ME!

I ENTERED THE STORE, THUS BREAKING MY COVENANT WITH THE HAWK...

THIS IS *IT*! MY LIFE IS *OVER*!

NOTHING HAPPENED.

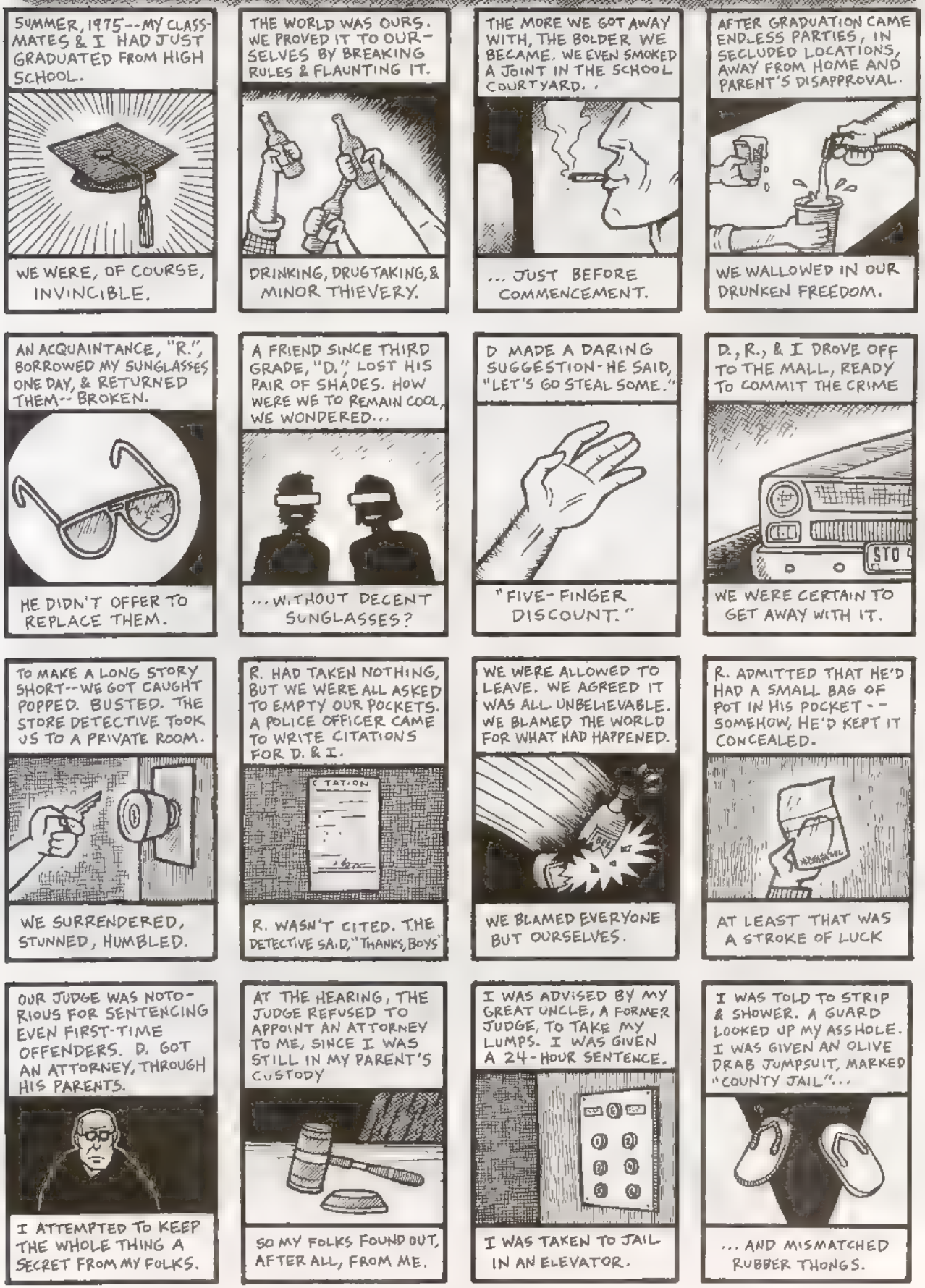
THE DIME STORE SODA FOUNTAIN BECAME OUR NEW HANGOUT...IT TOOK ME ALMOST A MONTH TO RELAX IN THERE.

I GUESS HE DOESN'T WORK HERE ANYMORE!

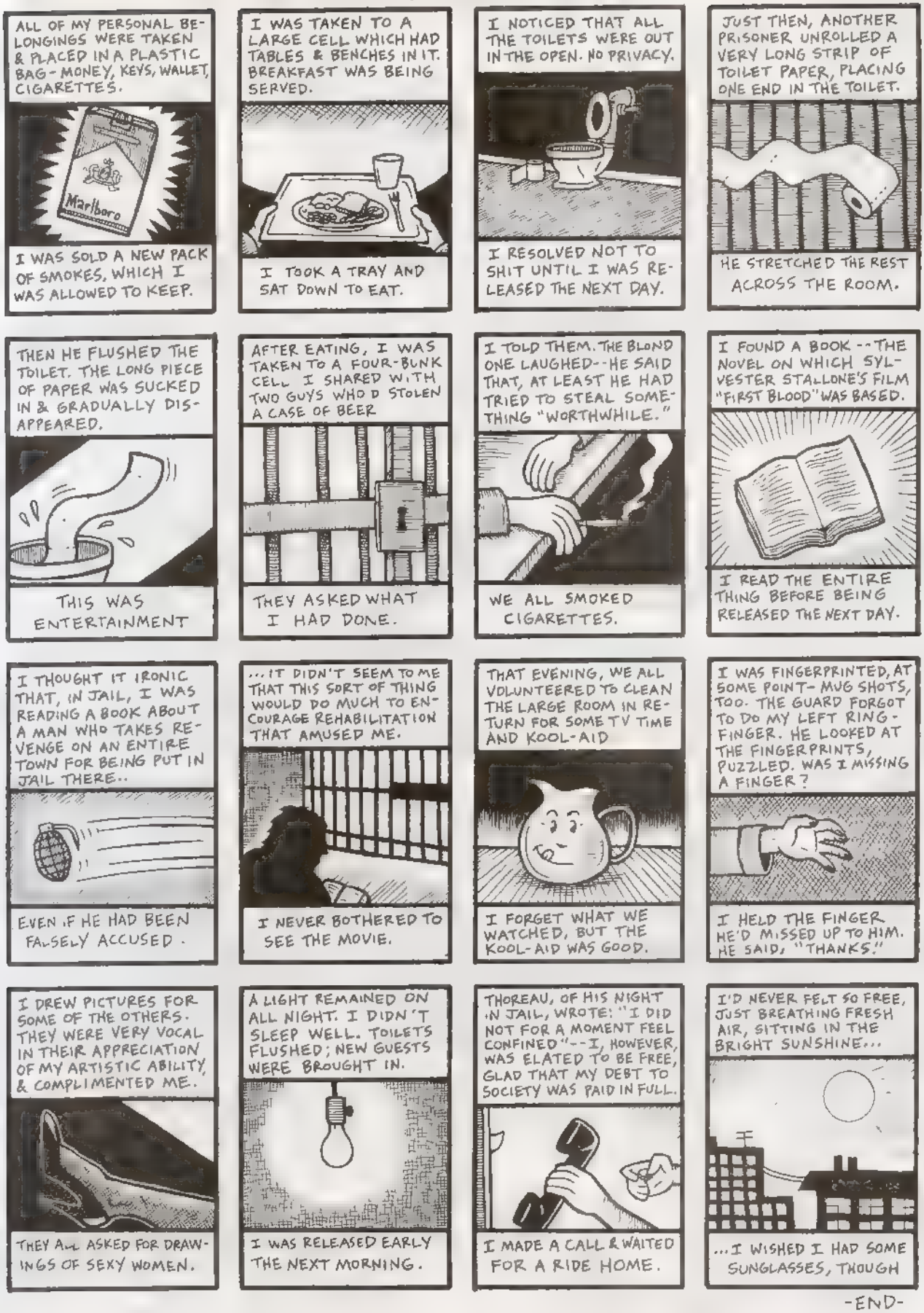
NEEDLESS TO SAY, I NEVER SHOPLIFTED ANYTHING EVER AGAIN IN MY LIFE !!! -End

4

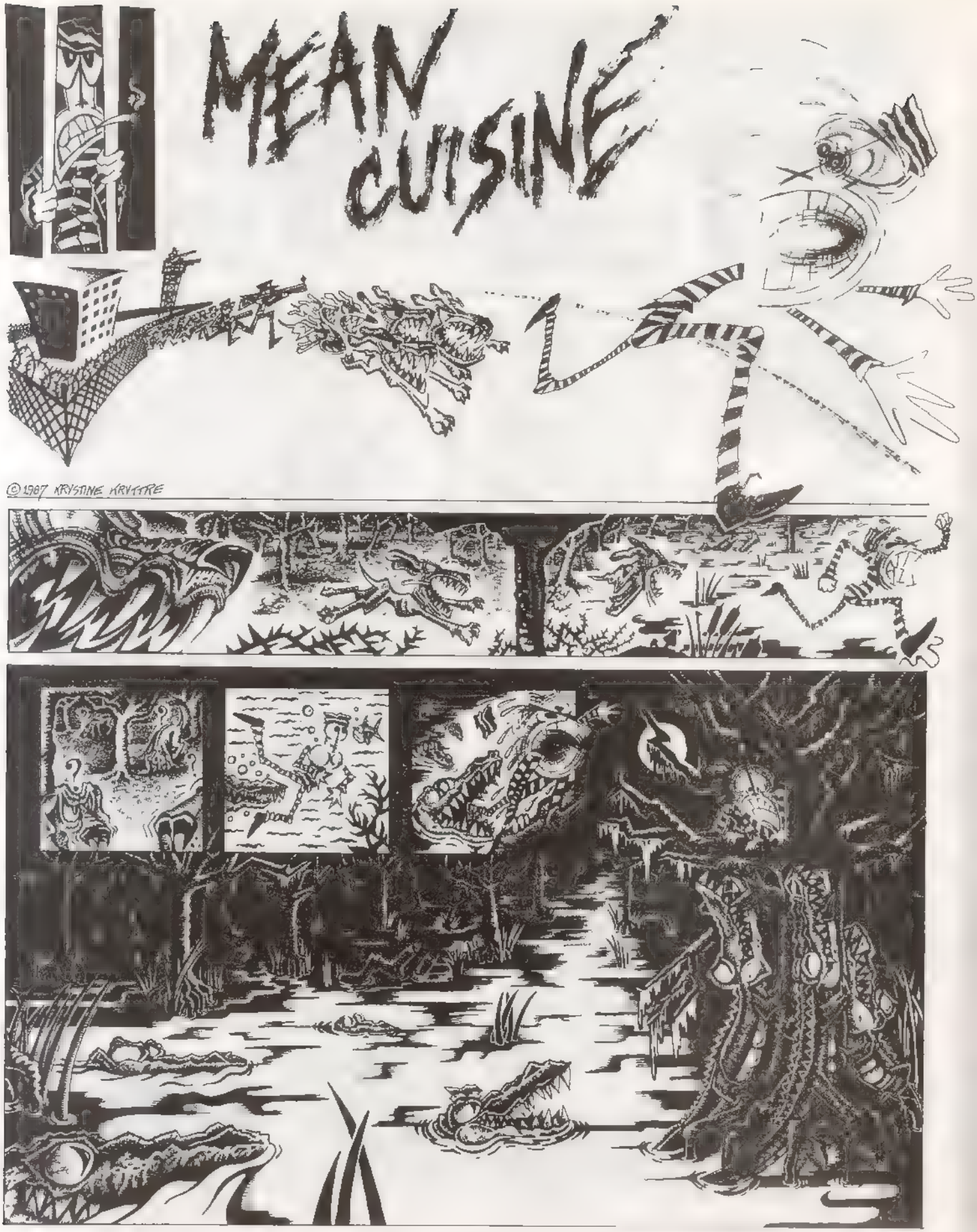
# THE NIGHT J.R. SPENT IN JAIL



©1987 by JWILLIAMS




-END-


MEAN CUISINE
© 1987 KRYSTINE KRYTTKE

GATOR MAN
KING OF THE SWAMP!
MAN OR BEAST?
DO NOT TEASE!
DO NOT FEED!
END

# The SUMMER of '87

by LARRY WELZ

SANDY WAS A FRIEND OF MINE. SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL, THOUGH SHE TENDED TO BE OVERWEIGHT. SHE WAS A SILLY TWIT. PLAYING DUMB HAD ALWAYS WORKED FOR HER, SO SHE HAD NEVER BOTHERED TO LEARN TO USE HER BRAIN MUCH. A REAL FRIENDLY GAL WHO LIKED TO PARTY. SHE LIVED HER WHOLE LIFE IN & AROUND SEBASTOPOL, CALIF.

SHE HAD BEEN LIVING WITH RUSSELL AT HIS PARENTS' HOUSE IN SANTA ROSA (IN SEPARATE BEDROOMS)

JUST UNTIL WE GET A PLACE TOGETHER, Y'KNOW!

NO, SANDY. YOU'RE MOVING OUT - I'M NOT!

FINALLY SHE DID GET HER OWN PLACE - A LITTLE STUDIO COTTAGE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF SEBASTOPOL.

IT'S CLOSE TO MY MOM'S HOUSE. MY DAD JUST DIED, AND SHE CAN'T DRIVE. NOW I CAN BE THERE TO HELP!

MOM'S JUST STARTING TO - Y'KNOW - GET BACK INTO HER LIFE. SHE'S GOING TO HAWAII - AN' SHE'S TAKING ME! GOD, I'M SO EXCITED! I'VE BEEN WORKING ON MY TAN! - SEE?

THEY WERE TO LEAVE ON HER 26th BIRTHDAY. THE NIGHT BEFORE, RUSSELL USED OUR CAR AND WENT TO SEE HER—

I STAYED A HALF HOUR AND LEFT - I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHY I WENT...

SHE NEVER MADE IT TO HAWAII. LATER THAT NIGHT, THURSDAY JUNE 4, 1987, SANDY PATTON WAS BRUTALLY MURDERED THERE IN SEBASTOPOL.

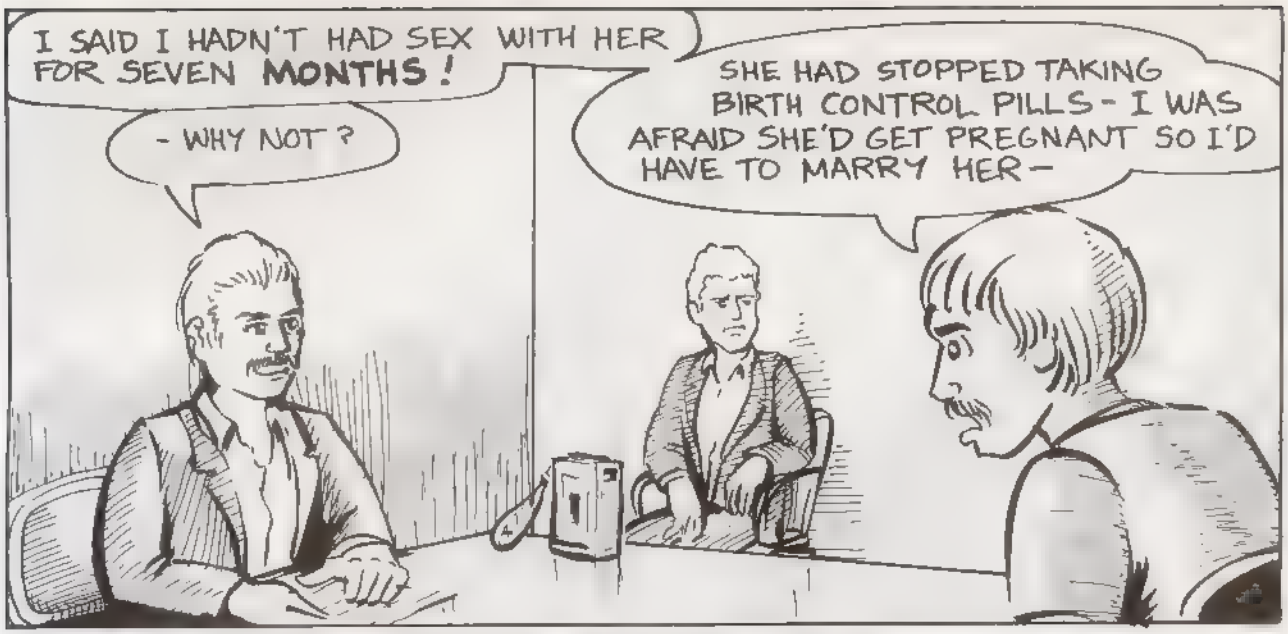
- RIGHT AROUND MIDNIGHT...

KLIK!

DETECTIVES FROM THE SONOMA COUNTY SHERRIFF'S DEPT. VIOLENT CRIMES UNIT QUESTIONED RUSSELL..

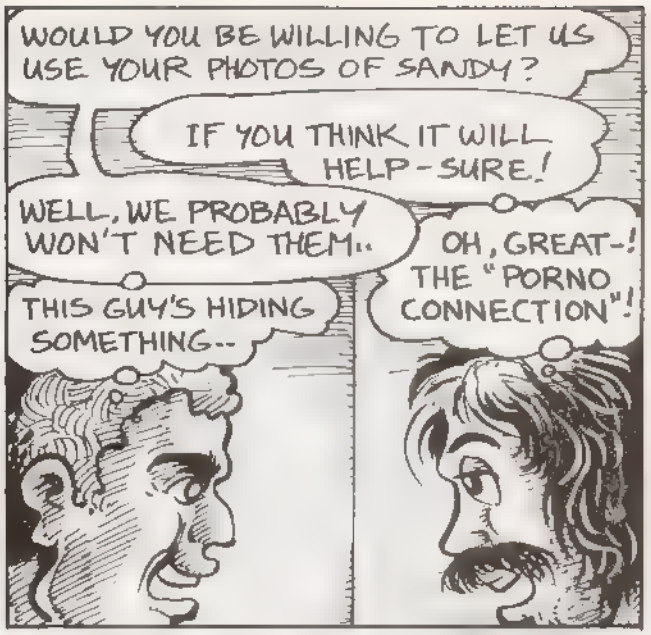
SO YOU HADN'T HAD SEX WITH HER FOR SEVEN WEEKS, RIGHT?

THAT'S NOT WHAT I SAID..

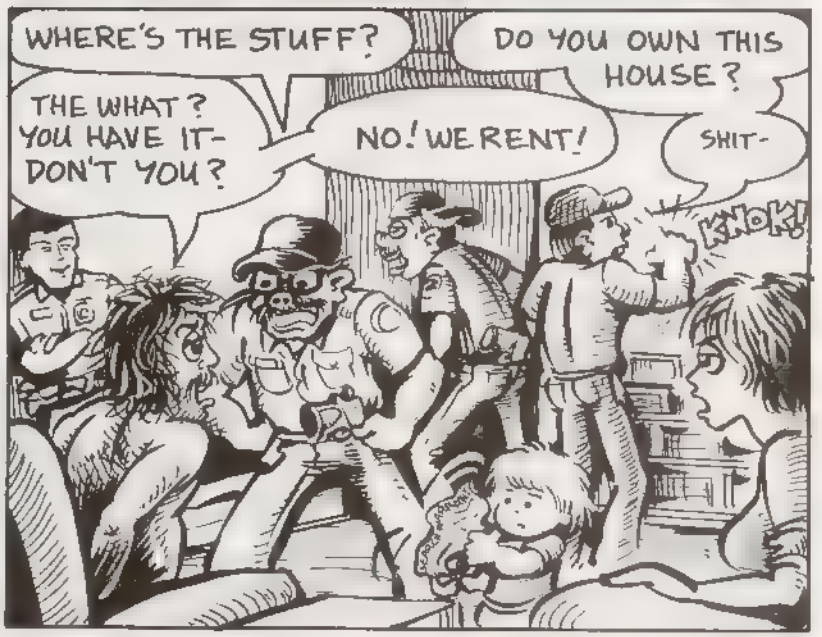



THEY CAME TO MY HOUSE & TALKED TO SHARON - I WAS OUT OF TOWN..

LATER, ONE OF THEM, RANDY BIEHLER, CAME & QUESTIONED ME...




ON THE MORNING OF JULY 22, I WAS AWAKENED BY THE SONOMA COUNTY NARCOTICS SQUAD..



I WAS TAKEN TO THE COUNTY JAIL. SHARON WAS ASKED IF SHE HAD SOMEPLACE ELSE TO BE...

OTHERWISE, WE'LL HAVE TO BLA BLA BLA.. & THE CHILD BLA BLA.. -FOSTER HOME BLA BLA..

I'M OUTTA HERE!

AM I BEING ARRESTED? -- ISN'T SOMEONE S'POSED TO READ ME MY RIGHTS OR SOMETHING?

WELL, IN A CASE LIKE THIS THEY DON'T HAVE TO, 'CAUSE BLA BLA BLA..

...??-- I **DON'T** HAVE THE RIGHT TO REMAIN SILENT??

ABOUT AN HOUR LATER, BEFORE I HAD EVEN HAD MY MUG SHOTS AND FINGERPRINTS TAKEN...

WELZ?

HUH?

I WAS TAKEN OUT INTO THE HALLWAY

HI, LARRY! REMEMBER ME? SORRY ABOUT YOUR UH.... BAD LUCK..

YOU CAN USE THIS ROOM RIGHT HERE..

?

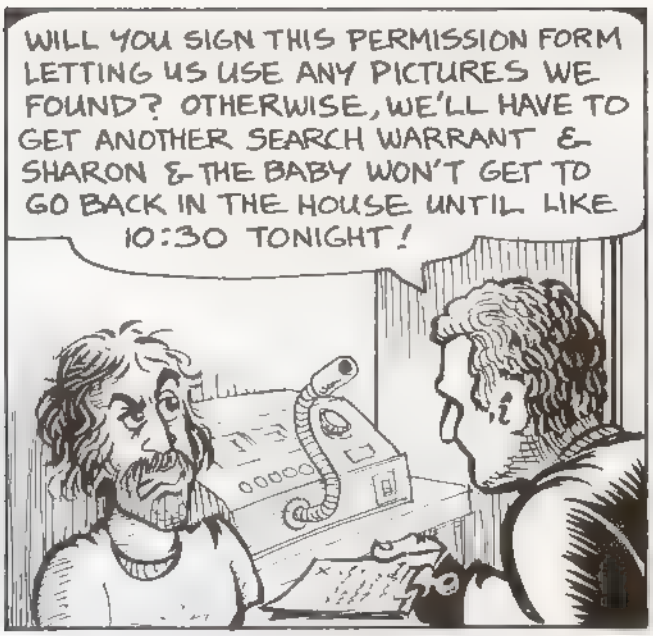
IT WAS RANDY BIEHLER, FROM VIOLENT CRIMES.

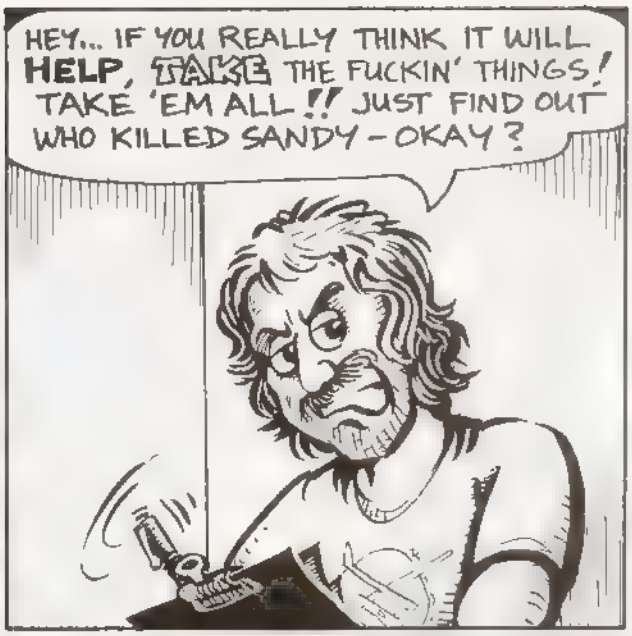
-BUT IT WASN'T **US**! WE HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT! IT WAS A TOTALLY SEPARATE INVESTIGATION...

-BUT WHILE THEY WERE SEARCHING YOUR PLACE, THEY JUST HAPPENED TO NOTICE THAT YOU HAD A DRAWING OF SANDY

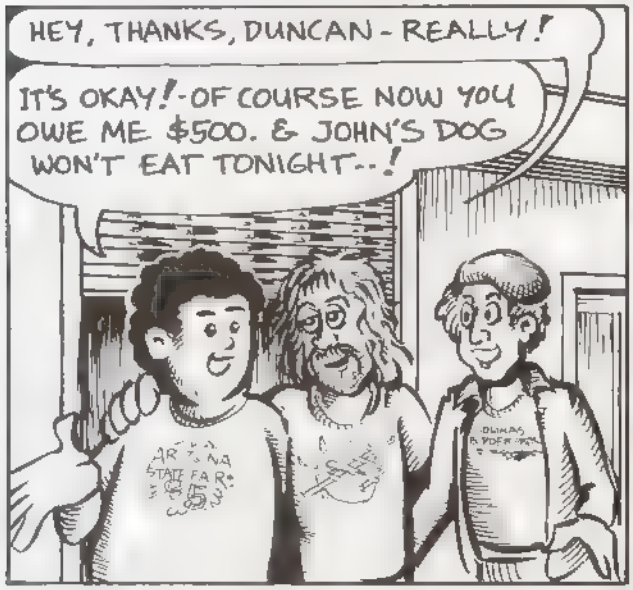
-AND THEY RECOGNIZED HER? - & KNEW YOU WANTED IT??

WELL, THEY UHH...

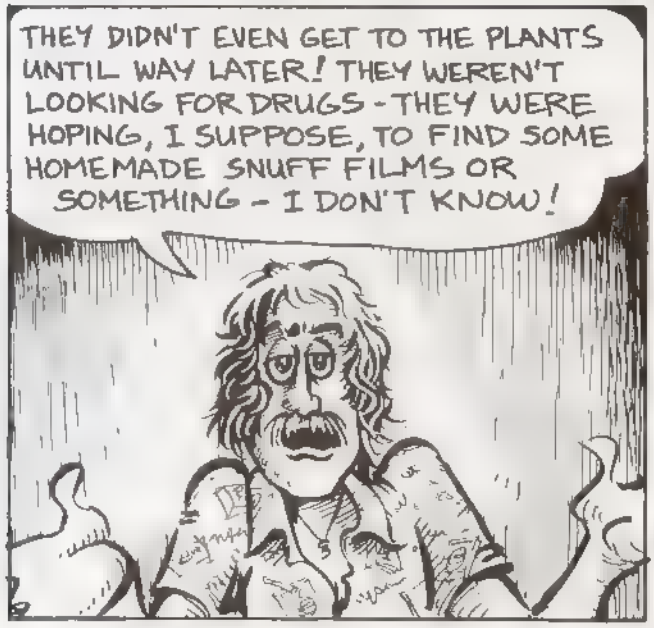


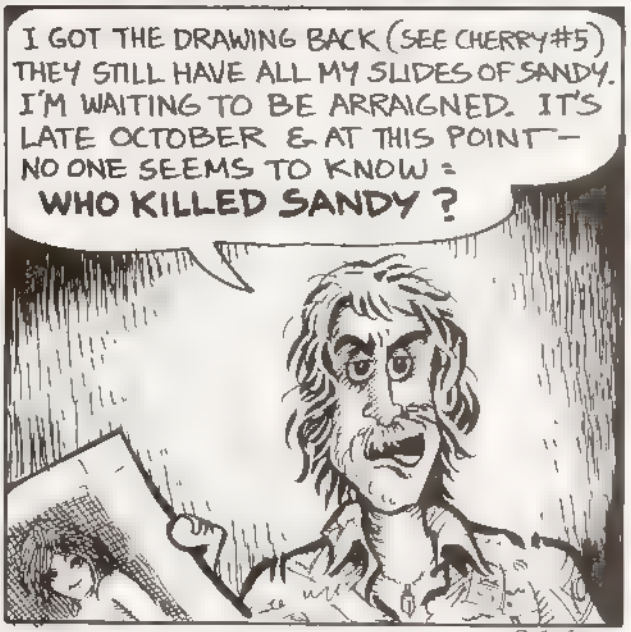




I WAS BAILED OUT LATER THAT DAY.




WHEN I GOT HOME, IT BECAME CLEAR WHAT HAD REALLY HAPPENED...

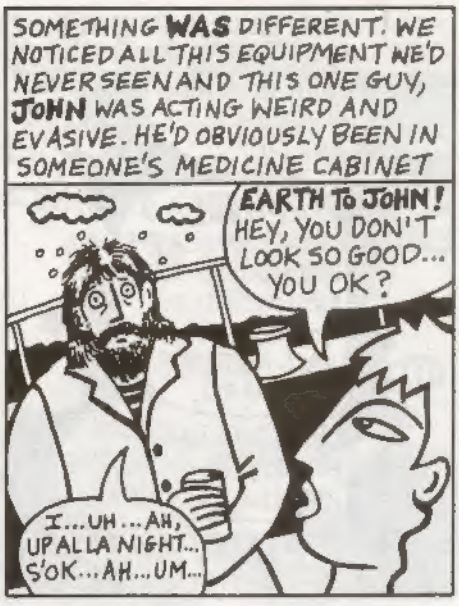



© Welz 81

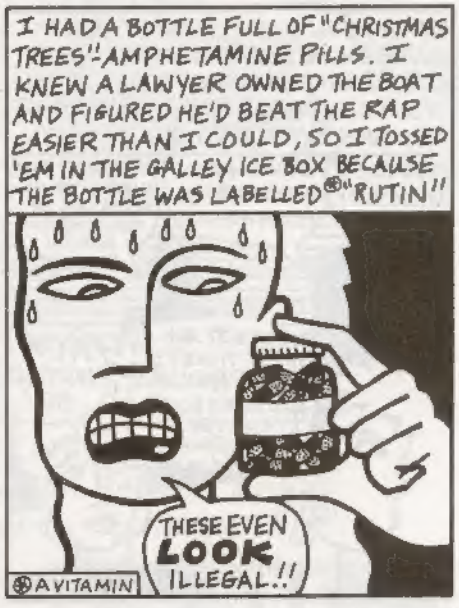
ROUST
OR YOU PLAY, YOU PAY
REMEMBER WHEN I CALLED IN SICK LAST SUNDAY? WELL, THIS IS WHAT REALLY HAPPENED!
M. FLEENER ©1987

"WE WERE SAILING WITH 4 GUYS MY BOYFRIEND WORKED WITH AND AS USUAL, IT WAS PARTY TIME ON THE OPEN SEA
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

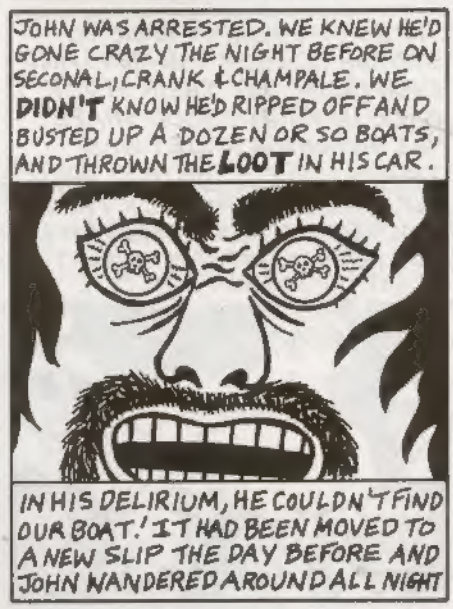

SOMETHING WAS DIFFERENT. WE NOTICED ALL THIS EQUIPMENT WE'D NEVER SEEN AND THIS ONE GUY, JOHN WAS ACTING WEIRD AND EVASIVE. HE'D OBVIOUSLY BEEN IN SOMEONE'S MEDICINE CABINET
EARTH TO JOHN! HEY, YOU DON'T LOOK SO GOOD... YOU OK?
I... UH... AH, UP ALLA NIGHT... S'OK... AH... UM...

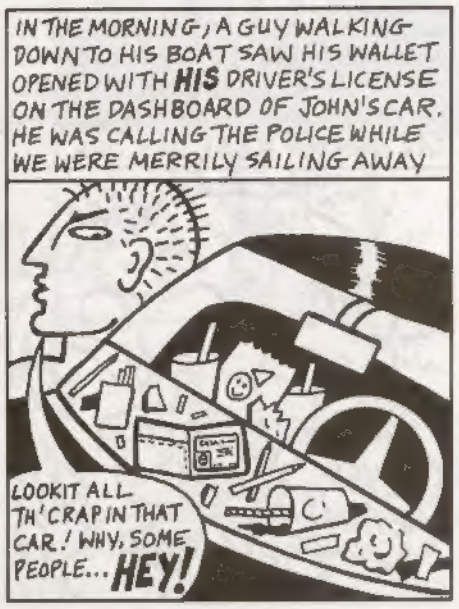
THE SKIPPER HAD HASH, SO JOHN PULLED A FOG HORN OUT OF HIS POCKET AND WE MADE A HASH PIPE OUT OF IT. IT WORKED GREAT.
GET A GOOD HIT?
COUGH! COUGH!
SO, THEN I, UH, LOOKED FOR TH' BOAT AN' IT WUZ MOVED!... UH, SHITMAN, I THINK I'M IN A LITTLE TROUBLE, AH SHIT, WHA' TH' FAK!
WE ALL LAUGHED AT JOHN'S PITIFUL STATE & ATTEMPTS TO TELL US JUST WHAT HAD HAPPENED THE EVENING BEFORE. FINALLY WE TOLD HIM TO SHUT UP AND GET SOME SLEEP!

AFTER WE'D SAILED THE DAY AWAY, WE GOT A SURPRISE WELCOME AS THE BOAT PULLED INTO THE HARBOR
COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP!
UH, MARY? PUT YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR AND WALK UP TO THE DECK REAL SLOW
OMIGOD...


I HAD A BOTTLE FULL OF "CHRISTMAS TREES"-AMPHETAMINE PILLS. I KNEW A LAWYER OWNED THE BOAT AND FIGURED HE'D BEAT THE RAP EASIER THAN I COULD, SO I TOSSED 'EM IN THE GALLEY ICE BOX BECAUSE THE BOTTLE WAS LABELLED ® "RUTIN"
THESE EVEN LOOK ILLEGAL!!
® A VITAMIN

WE WERE SURROUNDED BY: EIGHT LONG BEACH POLICE WITH THEIR GUNS DRAWN, A CIRCLING HELICOPTER WITH LOUD SPEAKERS AND THREE SQUAD CARS BLOCKING THE MARINA ENTRANCE
STOP YOUR VESSEL!


JOHN WAS ARRESTED. WE KNEW HE'D GONE CRAZY THE NIGHT BEFORE ON SECONAL, CRANK & CHAMPALE. WE DIDN'T KNOW HE'D RIPPED OFF AND BUSTED UP A DOZEN OR SO BOATS, AND THROWN THE LOOT IN HIS CAR.
IN HIS DELIRIUM, HE COULDN'T FIND OUR BOAT! IT HAD BEEN MOVED TO A NEW SLIP THE DAY BEFORE AND JOHN WANDERED AROUND ALL NIGHT


IN THE MORNING, A GUY WALKING DOWN TO HIS BOAT SAW HIS WALLET OPENED WITH HIS DRIVER'S LICENSE ON THE DASHBOARD OF JOHN'S CAR. HE WAS CALLING THE POLICE WHILE WE WERE MERRILY SAILING AWAY
LOOKIT ALL TH' CRAP IN THAT CAR! WHY, SOME PEOPLE... HEY!

AFTER THEY TOOK JOHN AWAY, THE COPS TURNED THEIR ATTENTION TO US

WE'RE SEARCHING THIS VESSEL! GET OFF!!!

LIKE **HELL** YOU ARE! THIS BOAT IS INTERNATIONALLY REGISTERED SO YOU CANNOT AND WILL NOT STEP ABOARD.

FINE. WE'LL LET THE FEDERAL AGENTS TAKE CARE OF YOU JERKS!

**FINE!** YOU DO THAT!

WE WERE "ESCORTED" TO THE CLOSEST CUSTOMS BUILDING AN HOUR AWAY. THIS GAVE THE COPS PLENTY OF TIME TO BE REAL ASSHOLES.

THIS IS FUCKED!

TELL YA WHAT- WHEN WE DOCK I'LL TAKE YA ON, FAGGOT! NO WEAPON! WOULD YA LIKE THAT?

I'VE GOT TO USE THE HEAD!

NOPE

YOU JUST STAY PUT.

THEY LINED US UP ON THE DOCK

NOW WE'RE GONNA FIND OUT **ALL** ABOUT YOU PEOPLE - YOUR RECORD, BLOOD TYPE, TH' WHOLE BIT... HEH... HEH... HEH...

WE WERE IN BAD COMPANY AND MY BOYFRIEND & I THE ONLY ONES WITHOUT AN ARREST RECORD BUT I HAD A LOT OF UNPAID PARKING WARRENTS AND WAS EXPECTING THE WORST.

EVER BEEN ARRESTED?

BANK ROBBERY IN DENVER, '72, FELONY ASSAULT.

STATUTORY RAPE, ILLEGAL TRANSPORTATION OF FIREARMS AND HEROIN.

I'VE GOT ALL THESE TICKETS!! CALL MY GRANDMA AND GET $500.00! IT COULD BE MORE, I'M NOT SURE!

**NOW** YOU TELL ME!

TWO CUSTOMS AGENTS ARRIVED, TOTALLY PISSED. THEY'D BEEN CALLED OUT OF BED SO THEY REALLY TRASHED THE BOAT AND AN HOUR LATER AFTER **NOT** FINDING THE POUNDS OF COKE THEY WANTED, THEY CLIMBED UP AND TOLD THE COPS TO FORGET IT.

**FUCK THIS!** TELL 'EM TO GET TH' HELL OUTTA HERE!

CRASH!

RIP!

OF COURSE, ON THE GALLEY TABLE WAS "**THE EVIDENCE**" ~ SOME ROACHES, THE PILLS, A BEER CAN AND THE HASH PIPE.

...AND I SUGGEST YOU FOLKS GET RID OF THIS SHIT

NEEDLESS TO SAY, IT SEEMED LIKE IT TOOK **FOREVER** TO MOTOR BACK TO THE SLIP. MY HEAD WAS A CARNIVAL OF PAIN. GOOD THING THE NEXT DAY WAS MY **REAL** DAY OFF!

NEVER AGAIN!

THREE OF US WENT BACK TO STRAIGHTEN OUT THE MESS AND EVERYBODY GOT THEIR STUFF BACK IN FAIRLY GOOD SHAPE. THE GUY WHOSE WALLET WAS STOLEN LIVED IN THE NEXT BOAT!

YEP, HERE'S MY WATCH... MY WIFES FOUL WEATHER GEAR... **HEY!** MY FOG HORN! WHAT HAPPEN TO IT? S'GOT ALL THIS STUFF ON IT!?!

WHAT STUFF?

EX-UCLA LINE BACKER

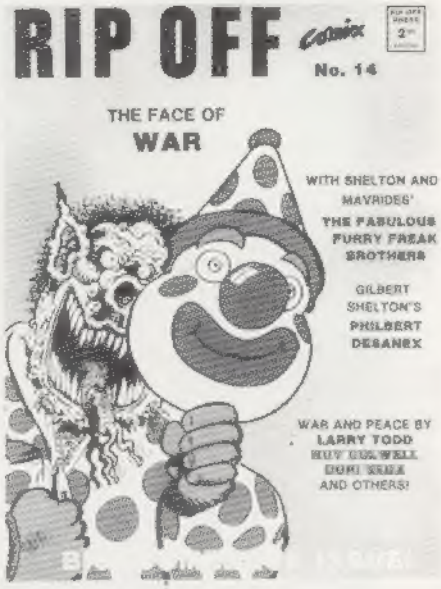
SO AM I GONNA CALL IN SICK ANYMORE? **HELL YES!** TOMORROW, I'M GOIN' SURFIN'! I TOLD 'EM MY CAR COULD ONLY RUN BACKWARDS! I KNOW, AREN'T I A BRAT? I GOTTA MILLION OF 'EM! HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

♪ WHEN WILL THEY EVER ♫ ♫ LEARN? ♪

END

# GETCHER RED HOT BACK ISSUES!

**DON'T MISS THESE GREAT EARLIER ISSUES OF *RIP OFF COMIX*, THE QUARTERLY MAGAZINE THAT CONSISTENTLY OFFERS THE FINEST IN COMIX FOR MATURE READERS, FROM THE CREAM OF THE CARTOONISTS OF EUROPE AND THE USA!**




**Rip Off Comix No. 14**

The Big Comeback Issue takes a look at War, with The Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers by Shelton and Mavrides, "How I Won the War" by *Dr. Atomic's* Larry Todd, "The Do-Nothing Decade" by Dori Seda, Dinoboy by Mavrides and Robins, the classic Wonder Wart-Hog story, "Smiling Sargeant Death and his Merciless Mayhem Patrol" by Gilbert Shelton. Plus: 9 pages on The Great Peace March by Guy Colwell, the first installment of a new "Amazons" serial by Foolbert Sturgeon, more.

**Rip Off Comix No. 15**

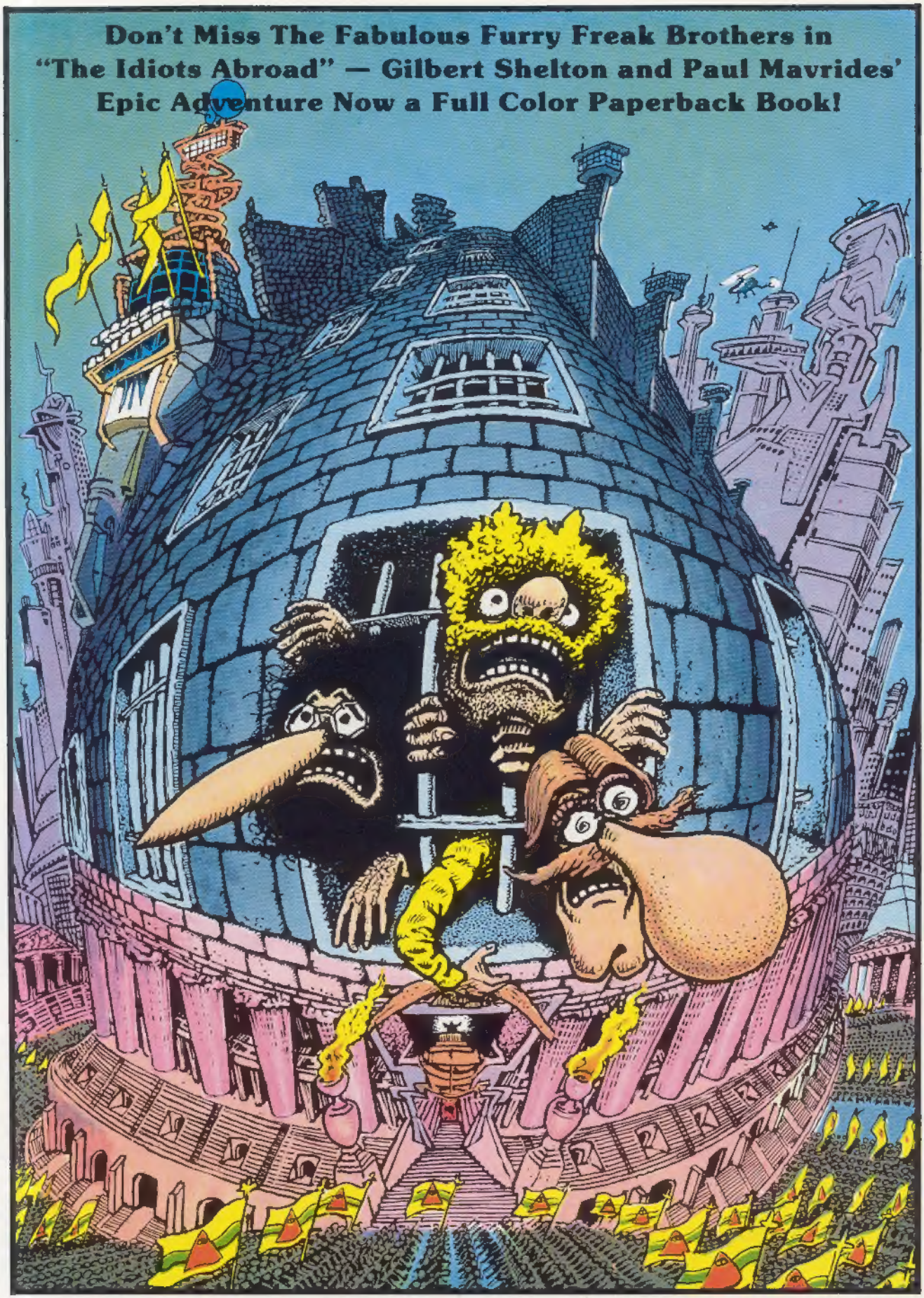
Roving Editor Frappington Wildebeest 7h brings us "Wildebeest's Choice," a high-caliber collection of comix from Europe including the work of Thiriet, Pierre Ouin, Frank Margerin, Charlie Schlingo and others. Also with Gilbert Shelton's Fat Freddy's Cat, further adventures of Sturgeon's Amazons, "How to Fart and Get Away With It" by Jim Bennett and a great new series, Bruce Bolinger's "Stranger in a Strange Land."

**Rip Off Comix No. 16**

"Battle of the Sexes" with *Miami Mice* creator Mark Bode, Trina Robbins, Spain, Larry Todd, Dori Seda, Bruce Bolinger and many other talented contributors. Also, The Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers in a great new 4-page story by Shelton and Mavrides, and the continuation of Foolbert Sturgeon's "Amazons."

To order your back issues: send $2.95 per copy (California residents add sales tax) plus 85¢ per order ($1.25 outside USA, $1.50 Insured or UPS) for postage and handling to: **Rip Off Press, Inc. • P.O. Box 4686 • Auburn, CA 95604.**

All U.S. orders receive a free one-year subscription to Rip Off Press, Inc.'s great mail order catalog, featuring dozens of titles of underground and alternative comix plus postcards, shirts, videos and many other items. Prices and availability are subject to change without notice. Payment must be made in US dollars (Visa and Mastercard accepted with minimum $5 merchandise purchase).




*The Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers in "The Idiots Abroad"* is coming in January 1988 to comics shops and bookstores across the nation. If you can't find it, send $10.95 per copy (Calif. residents add sales tax) plus 85¢ per order for book rate postage and handling to:
**Rip Off Press, Inc. • Dept. RO • P.O. Box 4686 • Auburn, CA 95604**